THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV
No. 1769

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

DEC. 16
1933

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Writes a Mother.

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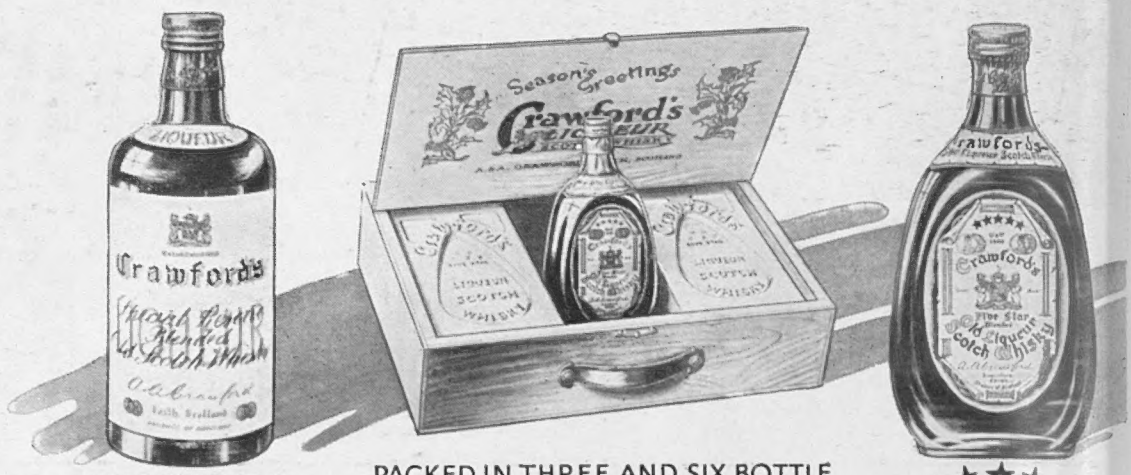

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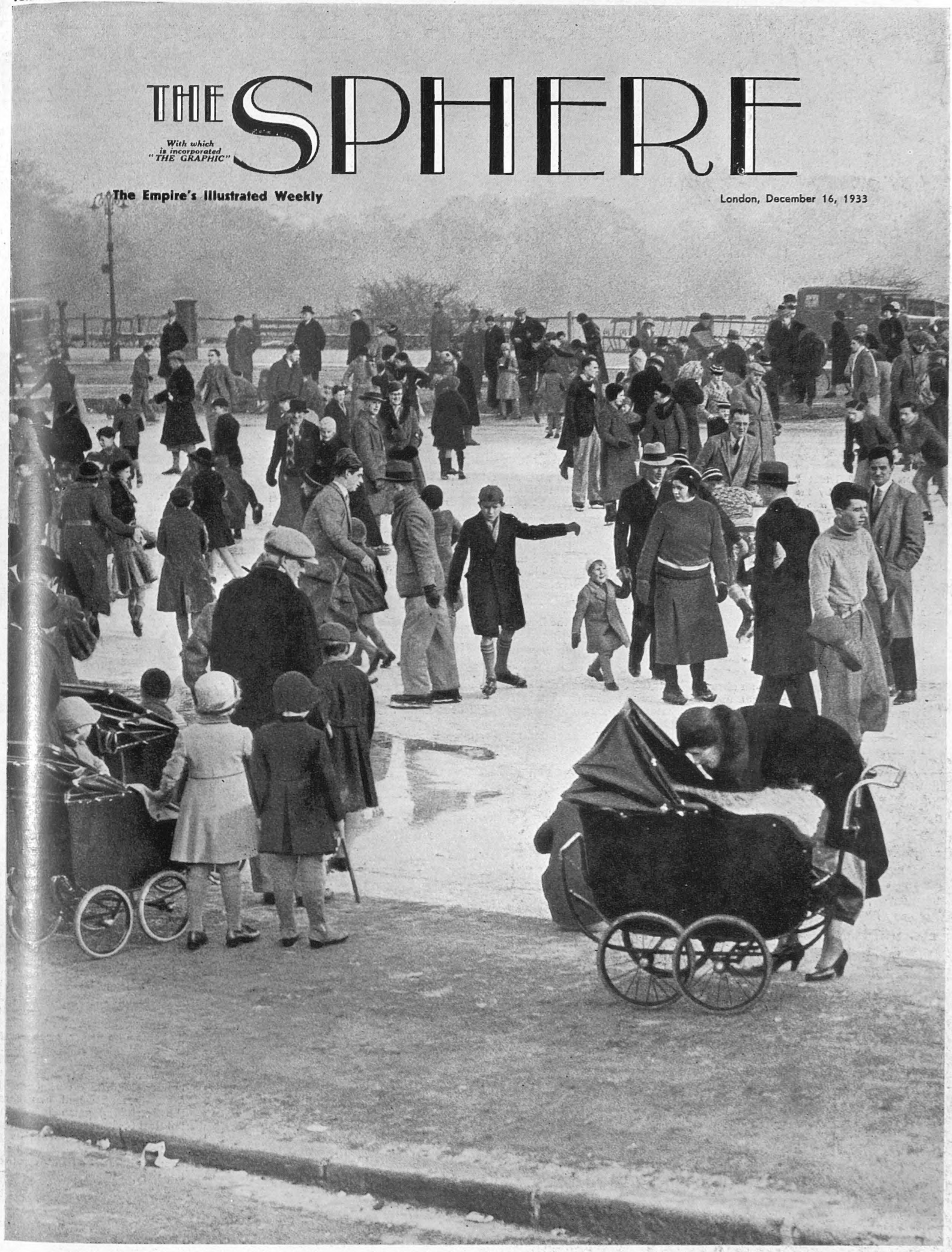
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 16, 1933



WELCOME TO JACK FROST

Last Sunday's Throng on the Ice at Whitestone Pond, Hampstead Heath

Skating enthusiasts all over the country were quick to take advantage of the cold spell which resulted in lakes, ponds, and streams being frozen over for the first time this winter. The ponds on Hampstead Heath, where this picture was taken, on Wimbledon Common, and in Windsor Great Park were crowded throughout the week-end, while ice on the Thames at Kingston stretched almost across the river. The Heath Pond, Petersfield, Hampshire, proved a great attraction for Sunday motorists, many of whom skated late into the evening by the light of the head-lamps on their cars parked along the bank. Similar conditions prevailed in France and other parts of the Continent, and the Bois de Boulogne lake and other stretches of water near Paris were packed almost to capacity. Many, but not all, were disappointed on Tuesday when definitely milder conditions prevailed and hopes of further sport on the ice were temporarily dispelled. Weather prophets, however, are predicting an old-fashioned winter, and it is quite probable that there will be more sharp frosts before the Christmas holidays

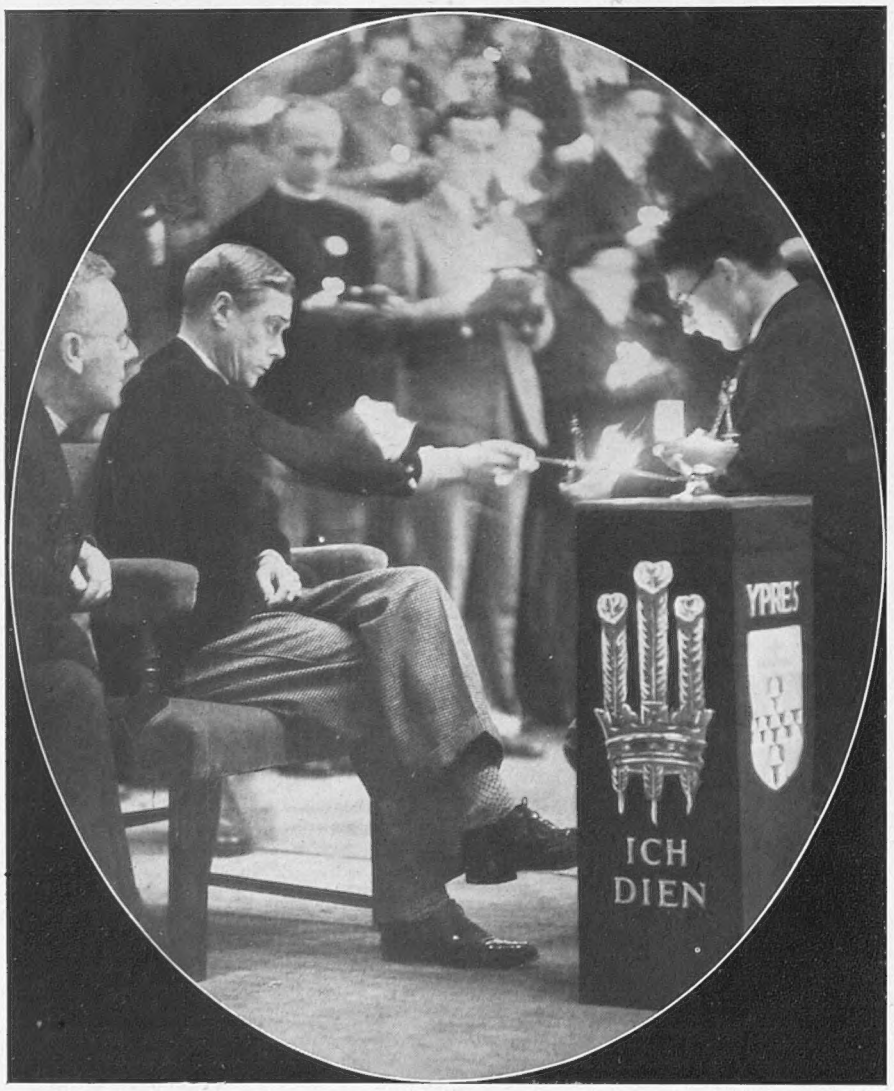
Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

IN HONOUR OF THEIR PATRON SAINT: Master Bangor Jones who played the title role in *The Boy Bishop* which was presented by the choristers of St. Nicolas' College, Chislehurst, a few days ago. This opera was written by the Warden, who was formerly organist at Westminster Abbey. St. Nicolas' day is celebrated on December 6

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 13, 1933.

"AND THEN THERE WERE TWO."—The League of Nations will see out the old year 1933 on its sick bed, with few faithful friends to bring it grapes and flowers. Mussolini last week, speaking through the Fascist Grand Council, repeated his firm opinion that the League Council, as at present constituted, was an absurd futility, and he announced that unless it is completely reorganized, Italy too will leave it. There are seven acknowledged Great Powers—Great Britain, France, the United States, Italy, Russia, Japan, and Germany. Of these to-day only Great Britain, France, and Italy effectively remain on the League's Council and, if Italy follows the other four into the wilderness, England will face France across the long table loaded with a Barmecide's feast. And that might be the end of the League. Mussolini does not intend to formulate a plan of reconstruction, but he has made very clear the chief points of failure and the broad outlines of reform. His quarrel with the composition of the Council and the voting powers of the constituent States is precisely the same as that of the new industrial areas of Britain with the electoral system of 1830. Birmingham and Liverpool could not see why Downton and Midhurst should return two members each to Parliament. And Italy, as one of the seven Great Powers loaded with appalling responsibilities and taking the real strain of the earth on their shoulders, does not see why she and the other Great Powers should have no more say in world decisions than the tiniest State. And the logic of Mussolini is unanswerable and proved to the hilt by the failure of the League in anything outside social reforms. The truth is, the League is constituted on principles of ideal Socialism and is asked to deal with anything but idealism, in fact with stark realities in a capitalistic international system which refuses to reform itself and to learn from bitter experience or from the experiments of individual States.



THE PRINCE OF WALES, as patron, lighting lamps for new branches of "Toc H" at the eighteenth Birthday Festival of the movement at the Albert Hall. The Reverend P. T. B. Clayton is on the left

reforms can be made effective to deal with vital international problems.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.—It looks as if, by an inevitable reaction or possibly through dread of the whole world's ridicule of French party politics, the political parties in France have committed hari-kari. M. Chautemps, third French Premier within a few weeks, decided to put the matter to the supreme test. He remembered what M. Poincaré did, and he decided to make the pill which the contending factions must swallow (or become ludicrous) as strong and bitter as possible. He decided to "do it in one," to wipe out the great deficit and re-establish the national credit and good name, not in stages but in one fell swoop, and to use the very expedients which brought two governments tumbling in a few days. He increases the scale of income-tax, makes a levy on all State salaries, and brings to an issue

THE CHILDREN'S SAINT'S DAY: Master Dennis Bazley who has been elected "Boy Bishop" by the children of Berden village, Essex. The custom of choosing a boy for this role dates back many centuries. In the old days he possessed episcopal honour for three weeks, and the rest of the choir were his prebendaries

INCOMPATIBLE RESPONSIBILITIES.—The League as originally constituted may be, indeed is, effective to deal with opium or white slave traffic, but not to deal with war and peace nor to compose the quarrels between States. It is a machinery too elaborate and expensive for an international social reform bureau. It is by many regarded as unsuited for anything more, in its present constitution and with its present powers. If the League is to survive as a vital factor in world politics several radical changes must be made at once. The Council must be reorganized so as to include the seven Great Powers and not more than two or three medium Powers. All articles of the covenant which the League has proved powerless to execute must be deleted, if only for the safeguarding of the League's authority. The League covenant must once and for all be divorced from the Treaty of Versailles, and the barrier between victors and vanquished be levelled to the ground. The intolerable system of committee within committee must be simplified, and the means introduced to reach final decisions swiftly. And finally, the voting rights of big and small Powers must be proportionately adjusted. These reforms, urged by many, would be fatal in M. Avenol's view. Something must be done, but the doubt remains whether an idealist building can be reinforced with practical concrete, and whether the same constituent assembly organized to deal with social world whether, as in the case of Britain, all classes in the State shall make sacrifices to pull the national finances round. His success, if he succeed, will be the result of one of two things: Either the present anomaly of government by a dozen so-called parties has killed itself by its own absurdity, or the contending factions themselves preferred M. Chautemps' pill to a National Government which in the absence of any strong man is but a doubtful experiment, and under a strong man would play havoc with the intriguing game in which these political barons are perpetually engaged. So the nation must draw in its belt and swallow its anger against its chosen deputies if they sell the pass to end the impasse.

HIGH SPIRITS IN AMERICA.—The dam is broken in America, and strong waters are rushing headlong down the authorized (and unauthorized) channels to the bars, restaurants, clubs (and speakeasies). The word "go" came last Tuesday from Utah, and then the fun officially began. Unofficially it had begun long before. For the bootlegger has not yet changed his profession. The liquor laws at present are but emergency measures. The bootlegger is waiting to see whether the tax on alcoholic liquors may not keep him as busy as ever in the old and profitable business. He is hopeful because he knows that his Government, embarrassed for means of revenue, cannot forgo so golden a source of income merely in order to

cripple a prosperous profession like bootlegging. It is the business of the Exchequer to get revenue, of the police to check bootlegging and liquor running. If there be an even mean, which at once satisfies the Exchequer and discourages the bootlegger, it will be a deucedly nice calculated thing. The U.S. Government means to make the most of the repeal of the 18th Amendment. The import duties will be used as international trade bargain counters and as a means of helping the Californian wine industry. At the moment, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain have no reason for disappointment at the share allotted to them in the privilege of making America legally drunk on genuine alcohols. Britain's quota amounts for the moment to 300,000 gallons of spirits a month. Long idle distilleries have been for some time hard at work preparing for that great day, and our stuff, the genuine Scotch, is already pouring down a million American throats. Indeed, the Land of Freedom is just now very wet indeed—has been shooting its grouse in fact before the 12th—and its spirits rise in exact proportion to the fall in its visible supplies of spirits. And it is like to be wetter, and yet does not feel depressed by the "deep depression," despite the fall in the dollar and the grave uncertainty of the times. A great nation has "thought again," and rightly decided that nations cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament, or at least not directly. America is on the whole a sober, moral State, and the best specific for temperance is and always will be: improved social conditions, hope and a sense of permanence in employment, and better and better education. All these things may come about in God's good time. Meanwhile . . . the exuberant citizens are making the most of the best that man can produce in the way of a "good time."

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.—Belgium should be estopped by her own actions from desecrating the Field of Waterloo with workmen's homes. For almost before the smoke of battle had cleared, she had raised a great mound on the field to support a *Belgian* lion, thereby placing the glorious memory of the victory under her own protection. Incidentally, it is true, the raising of the mound altered the whole contour of the field of battle, and the reality is to-day best preserved in the miniature which can be seen in the United Services Museum. Of course, Brussels is spreading out along the Namur road and Mont St. Jean is growing larger each year. France and Belgium, cockpits of Europe, are pock-marked with monuments to battles long ago, and one day the farmer or the jerry builder must come into his own again on such storied acres. But somehow, despite all that has followed it, Waterloo retains its romantic associations undiluted and even mellowed by time. I hope that Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, and Belle Alliance will survive a generation or so longer.

A LOOPHOLE.—An outcry—alleged to proceed from the heart of the British public—against the exhibition on the screen of a barbarous and disgusting incident in a lynching resulted in the timely withdrawal of the offending episode by the producers. It also made known to a wider circle the fact that, while film plays are subject to official censorship, news episodes are not. There is—there always is—a loophole. I am not a great believer in the taste, the essential decency, of the British public. I do not believe that "nice, clean stuff" pays best in the long run. Nor, I think, do film producers or, for that matter, novelists and publishers. They make what use they can of such loopholes because it often pays to do so. I cannot subscribe to the optimistic view that a solid censorship, without a loophole or peephole, would ultimately benefit film producers and other purveyors of fare for public consumption. I am certain that even now, after years of gluttony, the public is attracted to nastiness of all kinds and *a fortiori* the critics laud to the skies those authors who sail adroitly nearest to the wind. How else to account for the long fashion for smearing every twig with sex-lime or slime?

A WOMAN OF MANY FRIENDS.—If there is one piece of knowledge which a human being may fairly hope to achieve beyond question during his lifetime it is the knowledge of who are his real friends. It is about the only certainty in life. In the ups and downs of a normal existence of three score and ten years, one ought to be able accurately to weigh the true gold of friendship by constant sifting. But the case of widow Sheffield (now with God) is exceptional. She lived to be nearly ninety and believed she possessed a score of true friends. In this happy belief she left her considerable estate to two of her closest friends upon trust to divide it up among the whole number of her friends, including themselves in such proportion as they judged equable. The executors themselves assessed the number of true friends no higher than a dozen. It is an estimate which every human being who knew the widow even remotely derides as fantastically, outrageously paltry. Her whole circle are unanimous in their opinion that the widow was many times more blessed in her friends than even she supposed. Edgbaston, her home suburb, judges that she had as many golden friendships as golden guineas. Indeed at this juncture, among all her acquaintances, only in two cases is there any doubt on the point — in the cases of her chosen executors. So hateful has the task proved that these two, on their sick beds, speak of the widow in terms not unequivocably friendly. And certainly her testamentary disposition was a Parthian shot prepared for an enemy.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.—"A revolution in the home" was one of the first slogans which caught my eye in an electricity supplement glorifying the cheap and wonderful amenities which the latest developments in electrical supply and lighting, heating, and other devices have brought to the humblest homes. It is only a matter of turning a switch and electricity does the rest at a trifling cost. It lights you, heats you, washes you, cleans your carpets, chairs, and clothes, runs your farm, saws your wood, lays your eggs, cooks your dinner, and so forth. There is nothing to suggest in the supplement that these blessings lie ahead in the roseate future. And yet I dare to ask for some assurance of what electrical services I may rely on getting at a reasonable price in Surrey. In my own part of Surrey—which is not an outpost of Empire—there are houses whose rating valuations largely exceed their rents, which yet cannot enjoy these universal blessings. In my own case, the local electric supply company has persistently refused to supply current for lighting except on the condition of a minimum annual payment of £100. So people like myself manufacture their own electric current and wait patiently for the electrical millennium. There are still not a hundred miles west of London quite civilized cities which, in despair, have gone back to gas; there are quite a number of humble homes which, wired for electricity, are quite unable to benefit from the grid owing to the fantastic charge for the power-unit.

"SIXPENNY"—NO. 1.—The first publications by the most brilliant of young Etonians are not to be lightly treated. Who dare say that among the boys there may not blush unseen another Gray, another Rosebery, another best-seller such as Frankau? The first issue of *Sixpenny*—that symposium of present Etonians—may fetch a high price one day, when such writers as *Caradoc Earthe, Adrian Horse, Noel Vian, Guillaume de l'Aigle, Romer Marck*, and so on drop their masks and assume their blushing honours. All these young gentlemen are at the moment in a normal condition of lurid realism, acute melancholia, or humour wildly fantastic—a condition very dating. Noel Vian needs to rub up his grammar; Carol Barton should study courtesy titles; Mr. Horse will one day say what he means in fewer words. But young Eton shows much promise, especially in verse, as one would expect.

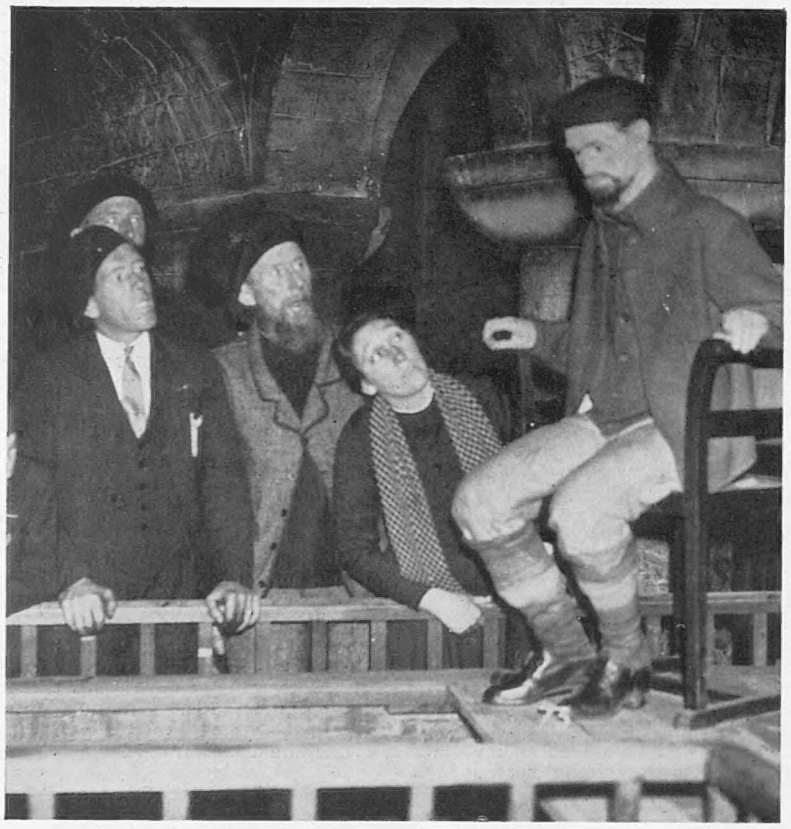
THE OLD STAGER

REACHING THAT TOP NOTE: A member of the training ship *Arethusa* gives vocal vent to his Christmas enthusiasm

BOVINE BEAUTY: One of the King's pedigree shorthorns in the auction ring at Slough Market. His Majesty recently ordered the sale of over a hundred fat cattle, sheep, and pigs

HOME NEWS of the WEEK

ICE-BREAKING ON THE GRAND JUNCTION CANAL: A picture taken a few days ago near Leighton Buzzard, where the ice was several inches thick. The barge was pulled by seven horses, and the crew cleared the waterway by rocking their craft violently from side to side



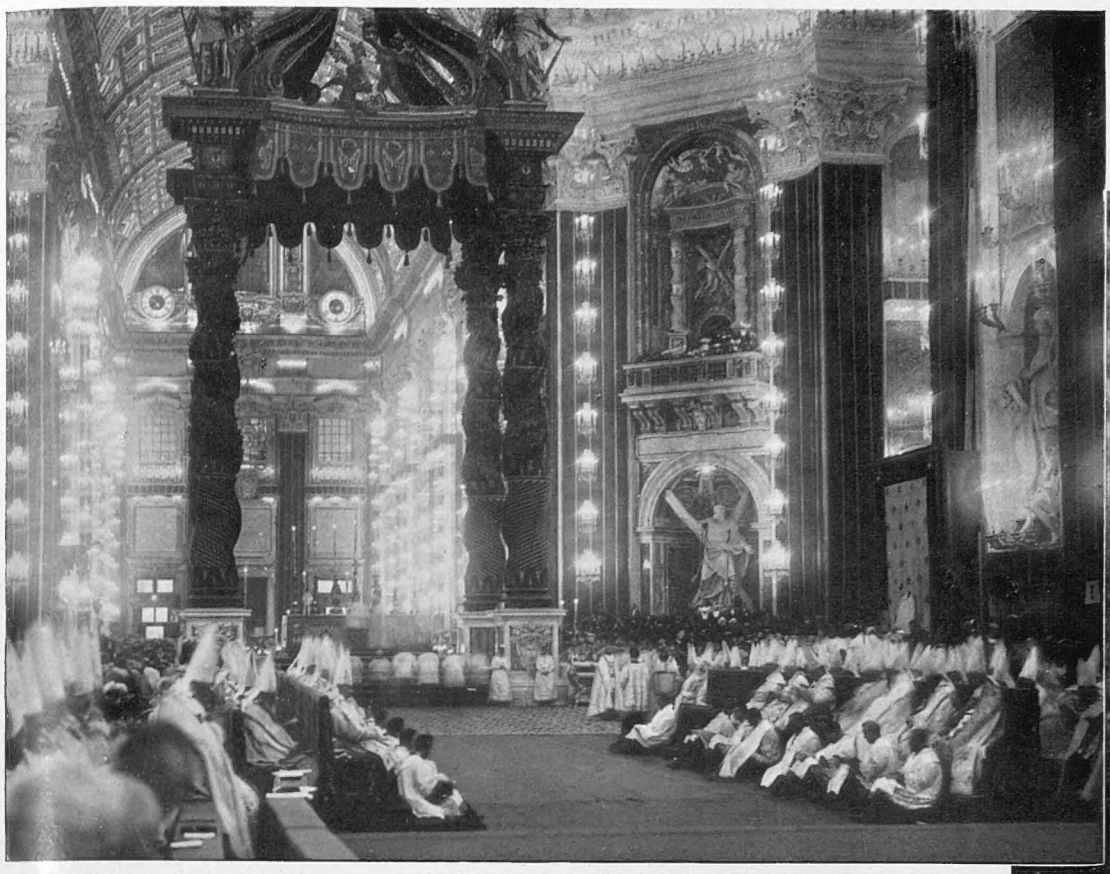
IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS: Natives of the Aran Isles, County Galway, who recently took part in Robert Flaherty's film, *Men of Aran*, and who have been paying a visit to London. They are seen here looking at an old-time execution scaffold at Madame Tussaud's

WORKMEN DISMANTLING CAPTAIN COOK'S COTTAGE at Great Ayton, near Middlesbrough, which has been purchased by the Government of Victoria and which is to be re-erected in Melbourne. The stone slabs are being numbered after removal from the floor of the cottage

A FORCED LANDING IN HYDE PARK: Considerable excitement was caused on Monday morning when a R.A.F. 'plane came down in the park near Stanhope Gate. It narrowly missed Buckingham Palace and it was only through some clever flying by the pilot, Flying Officer F. G. L. Smith, of Northolt, that the machine was brought to rest without causing any damage

EVENTS ABROAD

The Canonization of Bernadette Soubirous, the Visionary of Lourdes



A NEW SAINT: The scene in St. Peter's, Rome, during the canonization of Bernadette Soubirous, the young shepherdess who died at Nevers in 1879, and who is said to have spoken with the Virgin Mary. The ceremony drew a vast concourse of members of the Roman Catholic faith to Rome, special trains from abroad conveying some twenty Bishops and thousands of pilgrims. The Pope has announced that the "festa" of the new saint will be April 16, the day of her death

IN A SEA OF LIGHT: The procession entering St. Peter's for the ceremony of canonization. More than 13,000 electric candles, placed in hundreds of candelabra and brackets, combined with the hidden illuminations to create a scene of amazing splendour

Left—SPAIN ON THE VERGE OF ANARCHY: A machine-gunner of the Civil Guard on duty in Madrid, where stringent precautions were taken last week to check an extremist revolt against the new Government

COLD-WEATHER SPORT: The cold spell has been particularly severe in France, and in consequence the wild boar have come to the villages in search of food. These three boar were shot at Confort, Department of the Ain

REGARDLESS OF WARNING: An enthusiastic skater preparing to go out on the frozen lake of Enghien, near Paris

A POPULAR EVENT IN NEW YORK: Crowds lining Broadway to watch the annual Thanksgiving Day Parade sponsored by the R. H. Macy department store

GROWING YOKOHAMA; A panoramic view of the city showing some of the magnificent office buildings which have been erected since the disastrous earthquake of 1923. Yokohama has a population of over 660,000

RUSSIA'S ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY: M. Litvinoff on board the Italian liner, *Conte di Savoia*, before arriving at Naples for his conversations with Signor Mussolini. He was on his way back from his mission to Washington

FOR THIRSTY AMERICANS: Loading a boat on the River Douro, Portugal, with port destined for shipment to the United States

THE EAST CHALLENGES THE WEST

Some Points in the Great Commercial Struggle for the Markets of the World

A few weeks ago the managing director of a well-known firm of Lancashire textile manufacturers wrote to the Press calling attention to the onslaught of Japan, not only on the Empire, but on the home market as well. The facts stated in his letter are worthy of the attention of the nation in general and industry in particular, as they are a vivid reminder of a new and ever more pressing problem. He showed that in the textile centres of Britain—there are 108,000 British cotton textile operatives unemployed to-day—men's shirts, "woven Oxfords," duty and all charges paid to warehouse, were being offered by Japanese manufacturers at 15s. 6d. per dozen. For khaki drill shirts with 9 in. zip fasteners and collars the price quoted was 20s. 9d. per dozen, and boys' khaki shirts at 14s. 6d. per dozen.

This is only one small part of a world-wide story. Japanese bicycles are being landed in Hamburg at 12s. apiece. The price in the Indian market is 10s. 6d., with Japanese shirts at 1s., men's underpants at 7d., socks at 2d. per pair, and pencils at $\frac{5}{8}$ths of a penny a dozen. Again this is a direct challenge to Manchester and Coventry. Evidence from other sources shows that thousands of crates of Japanese toys are being landed in the Port of London. Toys selling at 3s. per dozen could not be produced here at less than 12s. A friend of mine in Lancashire, in the clothing trade, was recently offered Japanese shirts at 11s. 9d. a dozen, less than 1s. apiece, while in Nottingham you can buy women's lisle stockings at $2\frac{3}{4}$d. a pair. In London there are on sale electrical sets of Japanese manufacture for decorating Christmas trees. Their retail price is 3s. 9d. apiece; the price of a British system is 22s.

The trade figures show what this means. In the textile markets in particular, and in other markets, Japan is increasing her exports at an amazing rate and often at the expense of the British manufacturer. The following are the figures of Japanese exports to Eastern markets in the past two years:—

	1931	1932
	Million Yen	
British India - -	110	192
Dutch East Indies -	63	100
Egypt - - -	23	42
Australia - - -	18	37

You can buy all the Japanese cotton goods you want in the shops and markets of Lancashire. This process is still going on, still spreading to other industries. At the present time Japanese agents are buying lace-making machinery in Nottingham. Japanese students are attending the Nottingham technical schools to learn how to make lace. Incidentally, their attendance is paid for by the Nottingham ratepayers, many of whom are lace manufacturers and operatives. Already Japanese lace is on sale in Oxford Street at prices far lower than those of the British-made product.

Such is the challenge of Japan, constituting a problem not only for the consideration of British industry and the Government, but of the whole nation. It is the age-old problem of East and West in a new form, and it cannot be dismissed simply by accusing the Japanese of "dumping" or employing "sweated labour." Here are the basic factors in the problem. We have an industrial system that is over a hundred years old, with a noble tradition. The Japanese have a system, in many respects utterly different from ours, that was only just coming into existence fifty years ago. The first large-scale factory in Japan was a cotton-spinning works with 5,000 spindles set up by the feudal lord Satsuma in 1862. In 1868 there were only 300 factories; in 1930 there were 60,000.

Under our system the workers enjoy a high standard of wages—probably the highest *real* wages in the world. Wages are even higher in the sheltered trades. The result is, of course, high labour costs. The Japanese wages system is not strictly comparable with ours, because it is so completely different. For example, a British male hosiery worker gets on an average £4 a week, and a female operative from £2 to £2 5s. A Japanese male hosiery worker earns about 12s. a week, and a female operative about 6s. Yet in making this comparison it is dangerous and wrong to draw the conclusion that the Japanese hosiery workers are "sweated." Japanese textile workers get from 12s. 8d. for the lowest grades to 29s. 7d. a week for the highest grades, and there is no reason to think that they regard themselves as under-paid. The Lancashire cotton workers live away from the mills, often in houses that are their own property. A considerable proportion of the Japanese textile operatives has been recruited from remote country districts, and lives in the factories, housed in comfortable and artistic dormitories. In fact, there are special allowances for workers who live *outside* the factories. Again, there is in Japan a system of industrial production that hardly exists in Britain to-day, namely the factory in the home. In Japan paternalism is a vital force. Its economic effect can be seen in the country districts where families work looms in small sheds from dawn to dark. It is obviously impossible to make a comparison between their wages and those earned by a family of operatives in Lancashire that can be used as a basis for an accusation of "unfair competition." The truth of the matter is that our labour costs are high, while the Japanese industrialists are fortunate to be producing in a country where labour costs are singularly low.

Wages are purely a question of the standard of living. Examination of the budget of a British working-class family shows that the main items of expenditure are bread, meat, fats (butter or margarine), canned goods, and milk. In Japan the industrial workers spend on an average 40 per cent. of their money on rice, 4·2 per cent. on meat, 11·4 per cent. on fish, and 3·9 per cent. on eggs and milk, while land workers spend up to 60 per cent. of their earnings on rice and only ·7 per cent. on meat. Britain has her standard, Japan has hers, and they are poles apart. Again the Eastern producer has the advantage.

Then there is the question of trade unionism and working hours. The British trade union system is over one hundred years old. It has acted at times for the betterment of industrial conditions, while on other occasions its political aims have proved to be to the detriment of the workers. But whatever may be the faults or virtues of the trade unions, they are bodies that negotiate with the employers and by mutual agreement lay down definite codes governing wages and working hours. In Japan a very different state of affairs exists. Modern trade unionism did not come into existence until shortly before the Great War, and since then its progress has been comparatively slow. The unions have wasted a good deal of time and energy fighting amongst themselves, and they are still divided into three groups. In 1931 there were 768 unions with a total membership of 370,123. The total number of industrial workers in Japan is about 4,700,000! On the other hand, the employers are very highly organized, the basic industries being controlled by a relatively small number of wealthy families, and centralized in powerful corporations such as the Mitsui, the Mitsubishi, and the Sumitomo. There is no evidence to show that the employers use their advantage to oppress their workers, but they naturally are in a position to negotiate hours and wages on a basis *most favourable to economic production.*

The average working day in Japanese industry is something over ten hours — female textile operatives work up to eleven o'clock at night—but again there is no evidence to show that the workers urgently desire a revision of their conditions. The effect of the difference in the working hours in Britain and Japan is illustrated by the consumption of raw cotton by the textile industries. We have just about 49,000,000 spinning spindles at the present time, Japan has only 8,209,000, yet in the first six months of this year her consumption of raw cotton was one-third greater than ours.

It has been suggested that we should place an embargo on certain Japanese goods and invite the Dominions and Colonies to do the same. The Japanese would probably retaliate in like fashion, and the last state would be worse than the first. A tariff war will get us nowhere; tariff wars never have. Nor will a lot of loose talk about "dumping" and "sweating." It is equally futile for our trade union leaders to go on demanding a universal forty-hour working week in British industry without a reduction in wages. The problem we have got to face is that to-day the world is poor. Many people want cheap goods, and are often prepared to forgo quality if the price is right. Nobody realizes this fact more clearly than the Japanese, and they hold the trump card of low production costs. Some take the view that there is no alternative to a more highly intensified trade war and employment of the weapon of tariffs. Yet they seem to forget that we have found it possible to enter into trade agreements with certain countries. Likewise some of our industries are parties in satisfactory international selling arrangements. Surely it is possible to settle the Japanese question by negotiation?

J. Baker White

A COUNTRY HOUSE TRAGEDY

The Disastrous Fire at The Heronry, Whitchurch, Hants

THE GUTTED HOME OF MR. AND MRS. McCORMICK after the fire which destroyed it on the morning of December 9. It was from the second-floor window on the left that Captain and Mrs. Rodney attempted to jump to safety. It will be noticed that there was no stackpipe which they could have used to break their fall

ON THEIR HONEYMOON: Captain the Hon. James and Mrs. Rodney leaving Croydon in 1928. The former died from heart failure and shock while under an anæsthetic at the Royal Hampshire Hospital

IN THE GROUNDS OF THE HERONRY: Mr. and Mrs. McCormick walking in the garden with a young relative. Mr. McCormick is a member of the Chicago family which controls the International Harvester Co. Both he and his wife were uninjured

A LUCKY ESCAPE: Miss Louisa Krug, the German maid, who escaped from the fire by clambering down a stackpipe. *Right*—The Duc de la Trémoïlle, premier Duke of France, who was trapped while trying to fight his way out of the house

MR. P. JACKSON, the chauffeur, who made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to rescue the Duc de la Trémoïlle

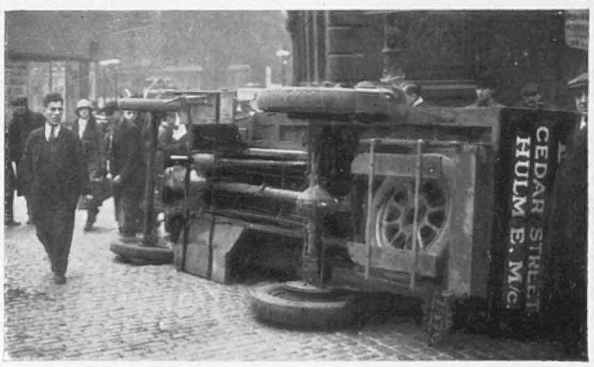
AFTER THE FIRE: The gutted McCormick home at Whitchurch, Hants, seen on the morning following the disaster. The fire began in one of the main passages and, in spite of Mr. McCormick's efforts with chemical extinguishers, rapidly spread to the whole building

SUFFOLK: These two cars overturned after colliding at a cross-road near Woodbridge. None of the five passengers was seriously injured

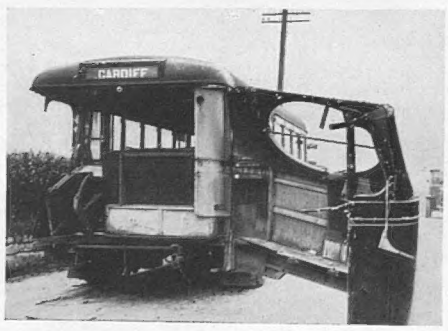
EDMONTON: A lorry which got out of control and crashed into an oilshop and hardware store

YORKSHIRE: This lorry over-turned into a garden after colliding with a furniture van

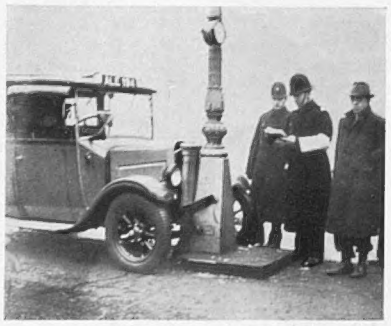
COWLEY, OXFORD: A commercial van which overturned after colliding with an M.G. car driven by Mr. G. C. Davies, the Oxford running "blue"



A DANGEROUS CORNER IN MANCHESTER: A bread van after an accident at the corner of Victoria Station entrance



SOUTH WALES: A Rhondda tramways bus after an encounter with a private car



GROSVENOR ROAD, CHELSEA: A taxi which skidded and crashed into a lamp standard during a heavy fog

WHEN LORRIES MEET: One of two commercial vehicles which came into head-on collision at Markyate, near Dunstable

A No. 9 BUS which crashed into a brick wall at Kensington a few days ago

"READ, MARK, LEARN . . ." How Huddersfield is attempting to make her citizens cautious

THE PLIGHT of the PEDESTRIAN

Since the publication of the official report of the Government's road deaths inquiry, there has been a spate of letters and comments and deductions regarding the somewhat surprising figures which appeared in the report. Two main points seem to have been arrived at by large sections of the motoring world—that high speed is not dangerous and that in most cases the pedestrian's death has been caused by his own folly. The fact that 62 per cent. of the recorded accidents occurred in built-up areas appeared to satisfy some that high speed was not a contributory factor to the number of fatal accidents. At the same time the demand for bigger and wider roads seems to be weakening, for the dangers of the bypass have become obvious even to the most reckless of motorists.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the City of London area appears to be the safest place in which to live. Only six persons were killed during six months. One was the driver of a horse-drawn vehicle, and the other five were pedestrians. No motorist was killed within the area. The streets within the City boundaries are narrow and winding, and the volume of horse-drawn traffic in certain parts is very large.

The responsibility of the pedestrian continues to be hotly disputed, and certainly one seems to read of numbers of cases where pedestrians are struck down on the pavement by the sudden swerve of a vehicle. One can hardly expect the pedestrian to be always watching the traffic. Even police cars have been known to strike down foot passengers. A case occurred this week at Reading and resulted in compound fracture of both legs and head injuries to the victim. Late at night a car collides with a tree, occupant killed, car found in a ditch, no pedestrian found on whom to put the blame. Motor cyclist found lying on the road, cycle near him, no indication of how the accident occurred. Rider succumbed.

Every day there arrives at THE SPHERE office picture after picture of overturned cars and fantastic accidents to lorries with goods scattered here and there; telegraph poles, A.A. boxes, lamp standards—everything in its turn attacked. Pages could be filled with such scenes.

The Westminster City Council are the latest to enter the lists with official returns. Here are their figures:—

The report states that there were twenty-nine fatal accidents in Westminster for the nine months ended September 30, compared with twenty-five in the corresponding period of 1932. Cases of personal injury were 1,844 in 1933, against 1,715 last year.

The Committee suggest that the Technical Advisory Committee on Experimental Work appointed by the Ministry of Transport should concentrate on the treatment of road surfaces to prevent skidding. They further propose that:—

Trams should be replaced by motor buses to permit the removal of tram tracks, and with them a frequent cause of skidding. Pedestrian crossing places (indicated by white lines) be appointed by the Minister of Transport and, after a period of education, be made compulsory. The utmost publicity be given to all subways for pedestrians and to the importance of pedestrians using them in the interests of safety, and that more be built.

ARMENIA RE-VISITED

First Pictures of the Holy Relics

DWELLERS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS: These members of the Kheysur tribe are believed to be descendants of the Crusaders. They are reputed to speak the English language of the time of Richard Cœur de Lion and, as the above picture shows, still possess weapons of the crusading period

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME: An Armenian monk holding the spear head with which one of Pilate's soldiers is believed to have pierced the side of Christ at the Crucifixion. Its authenticity has never been definitely established, and ancient writers differed widely in their views on this point. Dr. Friedrich Parrot, in his *Journey to Ararat*, gives a small line drawing of the spear, but records that he never saw it himself; while Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, in his copiously illustrated work on "Armenia," notes that it was reputed to possess the power of staying epidemics. This photograph by Mr. Carveth Wells, the American traveller, is probably the first that has ever been taken

Left above—ANOTHER PRECIOUS RELIC: Under this fourth century pulpit is buried the coat which is said to have been worn by Christ at the Crucifixion. It is in the ancient cathedral church of Mtzhet

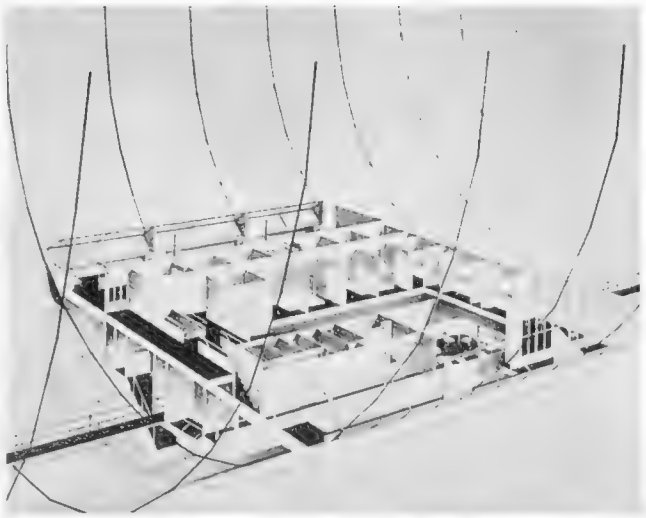
HITTITE CARVINGS found by Mr. Carveth Wells during his visit to Armenia. A cuneiform inscription shows that they belong to a period between the twelfth and seventeenth centuries B.C.

The pictures on this page have been taken by Mr. Carveth Wells, the American traveller, who has recently returned from an extended tour of Armenia and the southern portion of the U.S.S.R. Illustrations of this type have been banned since the advent of Stalin, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Wells was able to obtain them. The keepers of the religious relics were only persuaded to accede to his requests because they were afraid that at any moment the anti-religious Soviet authorities would order the destruction of these treasures, and unless the offered opportunity were taken no record of them would be remaining

A GIANT AIRSHIP IN THE MAKING: The skeleton of the *LZ 129* which is now nearing completion at the Friedrichshafen yards on Lake Constance

THE LOUNGE AND OBSERVATION PROMENADE: The designer's plan for the passengers' quarters in the *LZ 129*

DINNER ON THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": Passengers can now make the journey from Germany to Brazil at a cost of £142. The service and the food are said to be well up to the standard set by first-class Atlantic liners



THE PASSENGERS' QUARTERS in the new German airship, *L Z 129*. It contains many important improvements over previous craft, and considerably more accommodation

TRANSATLANTIC AIR SERVICES

Their Present State of Development and Their Potentialities Reviewed

The *Graf Zeppelin* is the one answer to the general prejudice against airships as a commercial proposition, and, far from being deterred by the tragic misfortunes of other nations with this form of lighter-than-air craft, Germany shows her faith in them as transoceanic passenger carriers by building a sister ship designed by Professor Breuhaus, much more modern in equipment than the *Graf*, and with all the principles of modern German architecture applied to airship interior design. This will be ready about the middle of 1934, and will no doubt be used to supply a *weekly Zeppelin* service from Europe to South America. Whether, at the moment, this route is a paying concern is open to question, since the airship can accommodate only twenty-four passengers; but it is of interest to know that from 1928, when the ship was first put into service, until November 3, 1932, the *Graf Zeppelin* made 290 voyages totalling 330,000 miles and carrying 17,000 passengers, 40,000 lb. of mail, and 80,000 lb. of freight figures which speak for themselves of the safety and dependability of the airship as a means of transoceanic transport.

It must be remembered, too, that the service is in its incipient stages, for it was only on March 21, 1932, that it was started as a regularly scheduled transoceanic air service. Previously the first South American cruise in 1930 could only be regarded as a trial trip, and the same applies to the three cruises in the autumn of 1931. But the heavy bookings, averaging twenty-two passengers for each cruise during 1932, indicate that future developments will be very considerable, especially as when the line was extended to Rio de Janeiro bookings for that part of the journey immediately leapt up.

The unfortunate disaster to the American *Akron* has strengthened the prevalent belief that the dirigible can never be anything but uneconomic. This, however, is not so evident. For very long distances there can be no doubt that the dirigible is superior to heavier-than-air craft. It can remain in the air for four or five days at a stretch, and is therefore able to operate routes which are uneconomic for the heavier-than-air craft. It is not forced to land either during rough weather or even to lessen speed. Only in the matter of speed can it not equal the performance of aeroplanes.

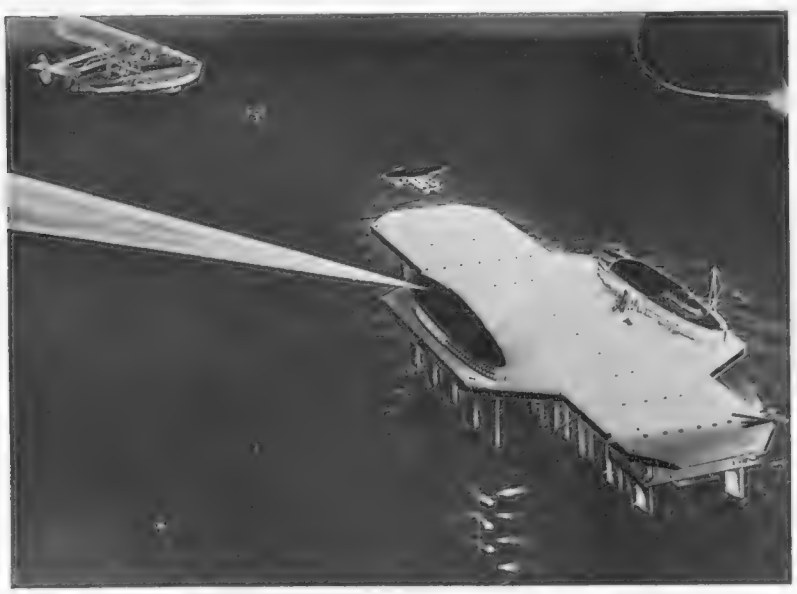
In the month of May a floating aerodrome left Bremen to take up its position in the South Atlantic midway between Africa and South America. This is nothing more than the tramp steamer, *Westfalen*, fitted up for refuelling and repair purposes for German flying boats crossing the ocean. In addition to petrol and oil supplies and a workshop, it has a crane for hoisting aircraft on board, a catapult for launching them forth again when overhauled, and a large "apron" or waterproof sail for use in rough weather when it is difficult or dangerous to land close to the ship.

The *Westfalen* is the enterprise of Deutsche Luft Hansa, who will inaugurate in the spring a regular service, separate from the Zeppelin Company's, but with it forming a weekly postal connection from Berlin to their terminus at Pernambuco.

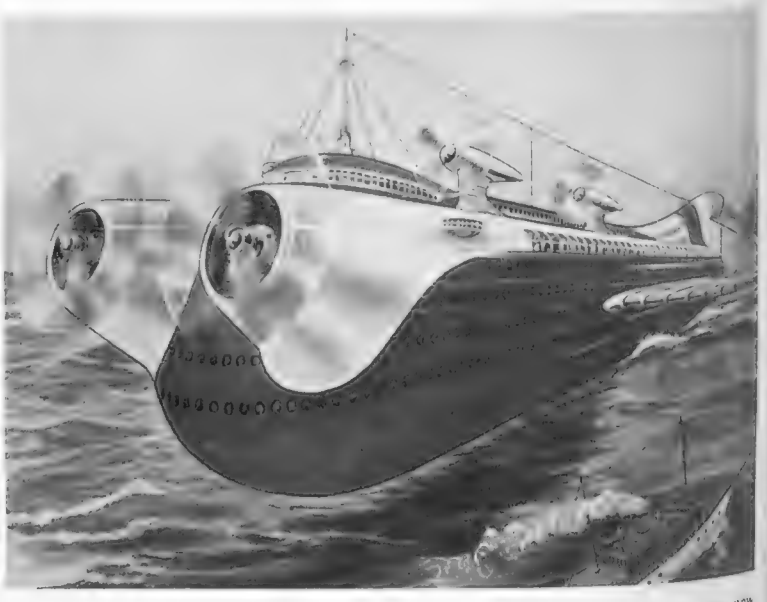
From Berlin to Cadiz landplanes will be used, and the journey thence will be completed by all-metal flying boats. From Pernambuco mails are carried by the South American Company Kondor Syndicate to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. There are at the moment three Dornier "Wal" flying boats in the South Atlantic carrying out experiments and tests, refuelling at and being catapulted from the mid-ocean station. The refuelling station alone makes it possible for flying boats with any commercial load to cross the ocean. Without it there is no flying boat yet built that could carry enough fuel for the 1,800 mile ocean flight together with a paying load.

With these two grand trunk lines Germany has laid hands on the air traffic from South America; and, says Dr. Eckener, "We hope to establish regular passenger service between the United States and Germany within a comparatively short time." This justifiably optimistic remark deserves prominence in view of the difficulties attending the establishment of North Atlantic air routes by any other country. From the recent discussions at the conference in Newfoundland between England, America, and Canada, it appears that the most that can be done is to set up the Bermuda–New York air service and to prepare for transatlantic services which *may* take place in 1937. Canada will be the last important Dominion to be linked by air to London.

Granville Conway



THE PROPOSED ATLANTIC SEADROME: The United States Government has decided to finance experiments with floating landing fields with a view to the early establishment of a commercial airway across the Atlantic. This is an artist's conception of how the seadrome will appear when stationed in mid-ocean



A VISION OF THE FUTURE: An artist's impression of a high-speed liner now being projected by American engineers. It will carry propellers in the fore part which will not only pull the ship forward, but tend to lift it from the surface of the water thus reducing friction and increasing the speed

A FOREIGN SURVEY

PIOUS ABLUTIONS: The Marchese Marconi, who has been visiting Japan, washing his hands before paying his respects to the memory of the late Emperor Meiji at the Meiji shrine, Tokyo

A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN PARIS: Mgr. Euloge, Superior of the Orthodox Clergy outside Russia, presenting Mgr. Smirnoff, Bishop of the Russian Colony, with a mitre subscribed for by members of the Orthodox Church in Paris

TO STAGE A COME-BACK: Georges Carpentier, the former European heavy-weight boxing champion and the most popular fighter of his day, intends to return to the ring. He is seen reading one of the old notices announcing his contest with Gene Tunney

AMERICA'S FIRST POST-PROHIBITION THEATRE BAR: A scene between the acts at the Blackstone Theatre, Chicago. The demand for legal liquor has been so great since the repeal of Prohibition that there has been a shortage throughout the country

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS FOR AUSTRALIA'S RECORD BREAKER: Alderman J. W. Greene, Lord Mayor of Brisbane, handing a message from the King to Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, who attended a civic reception in the Queensland capital after his recent successful flight from England to Australia

THE SPANISH ELECTIONS: An animated scene outside a Madrid polling booth during the last phase of the elections. The swing to the "Right" was as pronounced as at the first ballots, and the more conservative parties now have 207 out of the 473 elected members of the Cortes

THE VULNERABLE: *Left to right*—Mr. Shaw Desmond, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Earl Beatty, and Lord Moyne, who were all born in Free State territory, and whose status in this country may be threatened if Ireland becomes a Republic

THE FORGOTTEN IRISH

Some Thoughts on the Future Status of Irishmen Living Outside the Free State

By FERDINAND TUOHY

How many times round Europe have I not mentioned in the course of those semi-intimate exchanges that will arise with the casual acquaintance of travel who strikes a sympathetic chord, "I am Irish—not English." Just to make things precise and accurate. Sometimes it has taken quite a while to explain it owing to language inadequacy amid, say, Poles, Czechs, Hungarians; even with German "Irlaender" can sound infernally like "Hollaender." Nor has the *mise-au-boint*—so far as I can recall—ever done other than add warmth to the personal atmosphere. Sometimes, indeed, too much warmth, apt to turn against England (this is notably so in France), albeit such excess becomes quickly traceable, if not to the memory of famous fields, to a laudable sympathy for a people who are supposed to be still suffering, in bondage, and oppressed.

"Ah, Irish! Your De Valera, yes! He will leave the English, of course!"

Whose De Valera?

But this is to challenge, too Irish altogether, and I am not going on with it—at least in that note. Rather let sweet reason prevail hereinafter to the end, if only because that may be the attribute many of us far-strewn Irish most appreciate in the English. At the same time, having one's nationality arbitrarily played about with at the age of forty by a pronounced minority of one's fellow-countrymen can be a heating performance.

Ireland is a forbidding subject, and if you haven't got something to say the best thing, emphatically, is to keep quiet. Actually, I've only written twice before about Ireland in a life of a million or two words, though one of these efforts perhaps merits swift mention here. It filled many columns of the editorial page of the *New York World* and advocated the acceptance of Dominion status by the Downing Street delegates "as a kicking-off point should Ireland wish to do more later. Let her first put herself on a par with Canada or Australia." Well, the bright Tammany-Irish of New York called that treacherous propaganda; shouting that the English were laying traps for the Irish. They also manhandled me.

Now, if Mr. De Valera were accessible to reason, which he is not and never will be since he hates medievally, I should ask him two questions. Was that or was that not sound advice to proffer at the time? Ten years of calm, prosperity, and content followed. And did the English lay any traps? But Mr. De Valera will heed none. He is a shrewd politician. I prefer judgment where the fortunes of men are at stake. Maybe what happened in New York a dozen years back absolves me from excessive respect, now and in the future, for the judgment of my charming blood-brethren of that great city.

"But man alive," I hear the "Dev" fans chorusing, "we wish to do more now—just as you had in mind!"

Do we? That small "we"—how by rights it should run through the length and breadth of Ireland. At any rate, it supplies the rhythm of this addition to Irish scrivening. Roosevelt won to victory on his "Forgotten Man" notion. Perhaps this piece might be called "The Forgotten Irish," the ones overlooked by Mr. De Valera in his stained glass mysticism. And so many more numerous than his own followers. And possibly as good Irishmen, equal credits to their country—who knows? In fact, to be perfectly frank, what sticks with me in all this sorry business is just this: Who are "the Irish People" so frequently cited by Mr. De Valera in support of his actions? I see them composed from half-a-dozen different sources; and Mr. De Valera is surely being watched by them all as he acts from a homeland minority whose mainstays appear to be raw and dizzy, hemmed-in youth, Communism, young priestly fire, small farming stock, and peasantry as easy to spellbind as the snake and the rabbit.

(1) Governmental Ireland;
(2) O'Duffy-Cosgrave Ireland;
(3) Northern Ireland;
(4) The Irish of the United Kingdom;
(5) The Irish of the Dominions;
(6) The Irish of the rest of the world; and
(7) The ex-Irish of the United States, alone as yet to have formally discarded the titles to their Irish birth.

May not the first six in fact constitute a racial entity, as we know peoples, and should they not somehow or another, and no matter at what effort, even of sweepstake proportions, be consulted on such a final matter as transfer of nationality, change of passports? Should determination, yea or nay, be left solely in the hands of those I have suggested as providing Mr. De Valera with his power for sundering? It will be said: only people domiciled in Ireland and contributing to the upkeep of the State are in this. It would be said: you shouldn't have gone away. And, did somebody blurt out the basic causes of the going, famine, poverty, and oppression, at once the De Valera-ites would gleefully proclaim: "There you are! The English!" What is the use at this time of day, so heavy with fate for us all, in harping still on that? One thing is certain: that we are gone. And if anything could be more certain, 'tis that there's no room for us to return. But it isn't so simple as all that. Vast numbers of Irish left Ireland from the call of the blood, and have prospered, and have never wished to be anything else but Irish, and have proved neither a nuisance nor an incubus to the land of their birth; rather have these been largely the ones to carry Irish brains and achievement, and other things attractive, to the ends of the earth.

THE IMMUNE: Sir John Lavery (left) and Lord Moynihan who were both born outside the Free State. The question of their status in this country will not therefore arise if Ireland decides to leave the British Commonwealth

Must this Irish stock be driven into other folds, and its children possibly be lost to Ireland for ever? For there are such things as children in this business; very much so. Just when other lands would strain every nerve to retain their own, Mr. De Valera would apparently squander the Irish—or, at least, disintegrate them. For let him make no mistake: that is what it would come to. Considerations of sheer existence would impose themselves as irresistible these stern times (other considerations less material might also operate), apart from which British passports are not such bad things to have about the place in A.D. 1933. I know I should hate to have one appertaining to a small State in this pleasant Europe. Nor, incidentally, is it going to be such a nice place for small States, generally, as far as I can see. Among other things, they will have to be *so* self-contained, not hope to sell much. Markets follow power and prestige, and if you throw away the twain, well . . . but Mr. De Valera says he doesn't mind if he pauperizes Ireland, parochializes her too, as long as she is spiritually free. What tragic talk! If young Ireland were allowed to grow up "as is," one day it would actually have to own fealty to the most popular young man (time one got away from that word "young") the modern world has known. A perfect tyrant. You can see it coming.

If only Mr. De Valera could develop the lighthouse mind, and turn it round the earth on the Irish who have *not* changed their nationality, though I fear the works would only clog, and a constant beam be cast due west over the Atlantic, leaving the rest of us in shadow. Pity. There's so much to see. Wads of Irish blissfully carrying on, ignorant of the ogrish nature of the foreign king. Wads of Irish, too, who don't want Ireland to sink away into a populationless parish that could be anybody's for the grasping. And attempted grasping there may well be in the lifetime of young Ireland of to-day; nor, by any feat of the imagination, can I see Irish thrilling more to Bolsheviks or Fascists or Nazis than to the co-equal Sassenach. And that beam, did it function adequately, should halt for quite a long while over the United Kingdom where are, I believe, 2,000,000 Irish, 300,000 on the dole. Considerate as the English are certain to be, Mr. De Valera should get out of his head, here and right-away, any notion that an extreme act on his part would not eventually spell abiding hardship for a distressingly high number of this 2,000,000. *Is it worth it?*

Nor, of course, would the distress be confined to these close-at-hand Irish. There are the Southern Irish who would maintain their allegiance. There are masses of young men who would suffer from the closing down of the British Services to them. But anomalies and hardships would teem. One only wishes the Irish here could act: at least they can bring forcible argument to bear with their relations at home, seventy miles away. What impudence for this half-Irish New Yorker to ignore 2,000,000 Irish who have ties of every kind, domestic, financial, with their homeland! But Mr. De Valera is hopeless; it's stupid pretending he'll yield to penalization. He'd see Ireland's standard of living sink to the Bolshevik exemplar first. We may have to go through with his Republic. But it won't last. An All-Ireland Dominion is what sane men and women want. Let's work for it.

CAN EVEREST BE CLIMBED?

The Results of the 1933 Expedition Summarized and Illustrated

A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE ROUTE TO CAMP V: The climbing here is laborious but technically easy. In descending, a snowslope on the left may be used for glissading, but caution is needed as the slope is narrow and is broken by two crevices

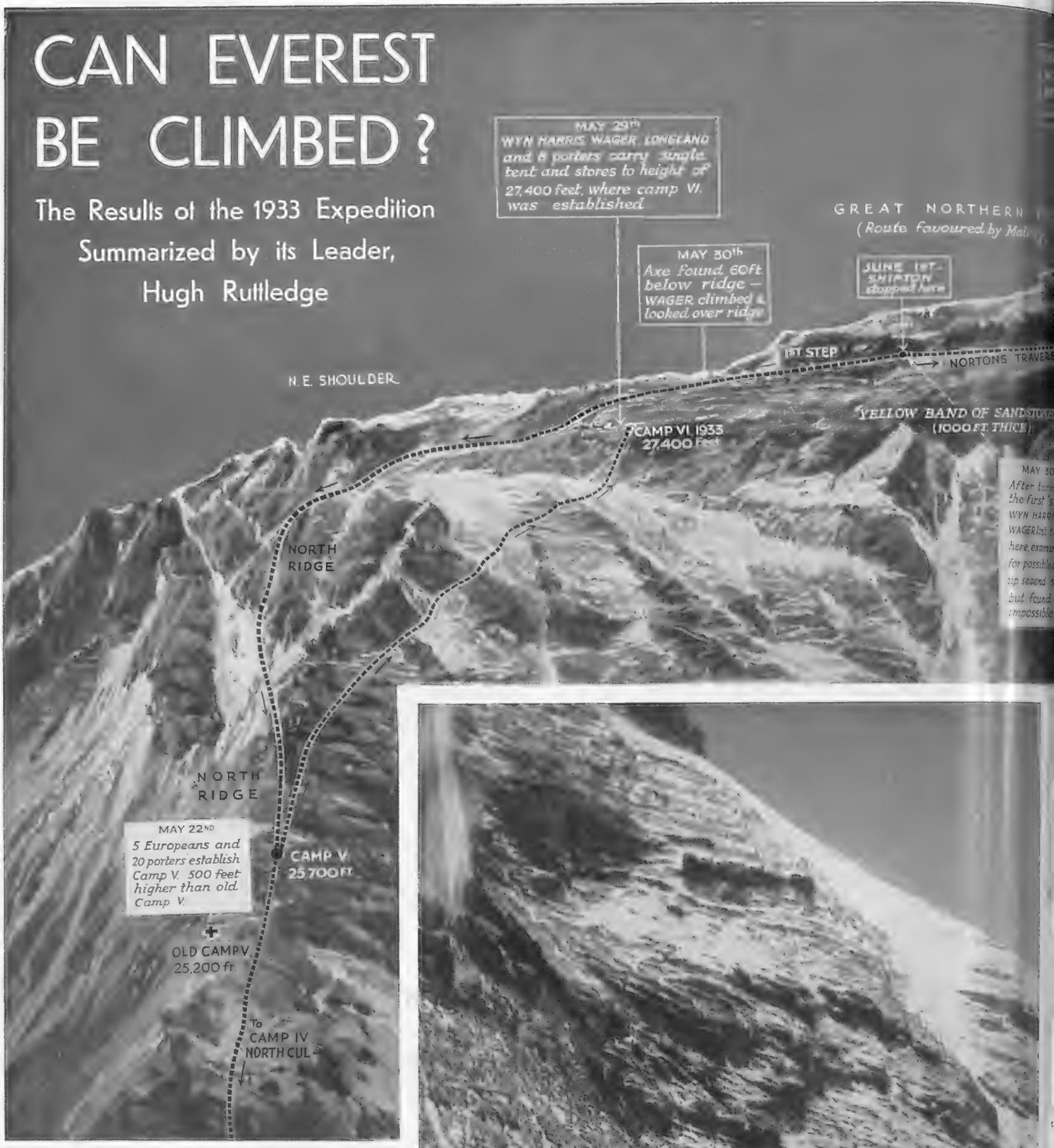
LOOKING INTO TIBET: The North Peak of Everest or Changtse is seen emerging from a swirling mass of monsoon cloud. The view was taken high up on the slopes of the mountain and looking northward into Tibet

PUMORI'S SUGAR-LOAF PEAK: This very striking mountain in the vicinity of Everest terminates a big barrier range. It rises to a height of over 24,000 ft. and its well-defined outline makes it fairly easy to identify. (The pictures on this page are reproduced by courtesy of *The Daily Telegraph* and the Royal Geographical Society)

IN A REALM OF KUBLA KHAN: These fantastic ice pinnacles were encountered while the expedition made its way up the East Rongbuk Glacier. In the middle distance can be seen the faithful dog which accompanied the climbers for many days

CAN EVEREST BE CLIMBED?

The Results of the 1933 Expedition Summarized by its Leader, Hugh Ruttledge



ONE OF THE HIGHEST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON EVEREST: This picture, taken by Mr. F. S. Smythe, was made from the steep slabs just to the east of the great snow couloir which is hidden from sight by the slope on the left-hand of the photograph. The highest point reached is just at the foot of the precipice in the centre of the picture, at the point where a very small snow gulley descends

Eight years have elapsed since the last Everest expedition, during which time various attempts were made to secure permission from the Tibetan Government for another effort. Permission was at last granted towards the end of August, 1932. This left only a little over four months in which to prepare if the new expedition was to leave England in January, 1933. The principal innovation in equipment consisted of a new kind of tent based on an Asiatic "yurt" and the Arctic pattern of tent used by the late Mr. Watkins in Greenland. A greatly improved oxygen apparatus was taken weighing only 12¾ lb. It was still hoped that the mountain could be climbed without it; but it would be there in case of emergency. With the assistance of Dr. Zilva of the Lister Institute, a carefully calculated high altitude ration was evolved containing the right vitamins and calories.

The party for the expedition was selected on the principle that every member, except possibly the leader and the chief transport officer, should be potentially capable of taking part in the final assaults. The party finally consisted of the following:—Hugh Ruttledge (leader), Captain E. St. J. Birnie, Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Boustead, T. A. Brocklebank, Colin G. Crawford, Dr. C. R. Greene, J. L. Longland, Dr. W. W. McLean, E. O. Shebbeare, E. E. Shipton, F. S. Smythe, L. R. Wager, G. Wood-Johnson, P. Wyn Harris. All members were subjected to severe medical examination, particularly in regard to heart and lungs, and probable capacity to withstand oxygen lack and prolonged strain.

An early start was made from England, on January 20, 1933, in pursuance of the plan to make a slow advance across Tibet and thereby allow ample time for acclimatization. The recruitment of Sherpa and Bhutia porters at Darjeeling received the closest attention, as so much must depend on the performance of these men on

Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE HIGHEST POINT REACHED IN 1933: The broken banded track on the above diagram shows the route taken by the high-climbing parties of the recent expedition. Both sets of men were forced to take what is known as Norton's traverse. Three climbers reached the point marked with a cross on the upper portion on the slabs west of the great snow gully, but snow on the shelving slabs prevented further progress. The diagram also shows where the ice axe was found. This was thought to mark the scene of the fatal accident which overcame Mallory and Irvine. Whether on the ascent or descent it is still a matter for conjecture

the mountain. It has been found that the heavy, muscular type does not do so well on high mountains as the wiry and active. There have been so many expeditions to the greater Himalaya since 1921 that the porters have now almost lost the old superstitious dread of the mountains.

This year's expedition was provided, by the independent enterprise of Mr. David S. Richards, with wireless equipment, for, the working of which the military authorities in India seconded two officers of the Royal Corps of Signals, Messrs. W. R. Smijth-Windham and E. C. Thompson, who accompanied the party to Mount Everest, and two N.C.O.s of the same corps, who helped Mr. Richards with the transmitting station at Darjeeling.

The party left for the 350-mile march across Tibet on March 12. They were fortunate in securing the services of the Tibetan Government trader to take their thirty odd tons of stores and equipment over the first stages to Kampa Dzong. At this early period of the year the cold was considerable. The route taken was via Gangtok, the Natu La, the Chumbi Valley, Yatung, Gautsa, and Phari. On the Tibetan plateau the west wind caused one or two of the marches on the way to Kampa Dzong to be of considerable severity, but the travellers reached Kampa Dzong in good condition except for the inevitable sore throats caused by wind and dust.

The Tibetan authorities were uniformly helpful and friendly. No less than four changes of transport had to be made, but there was never any serious delay. The first view of Mount Everest, nearly a hundred miles away, was obtained from a hill above Kamya Dzong. At Tinkye Dzong some very remarkable games were held, in which the Tibetan population took a great part. At Dochen, two marches on, the expedition's postal agent nearly died under an anæsthetic while being operated on for a broken collarbone. Anæsthetics play queer tricks at 14,000 ft. The expedition reached Rongbuk Monastery on April 16, twelve days earlier than their predecessors. Here the whole party was blessed by the old Head Lama, a ceremony to which the porters attach great importance. Base Camp was established next day.

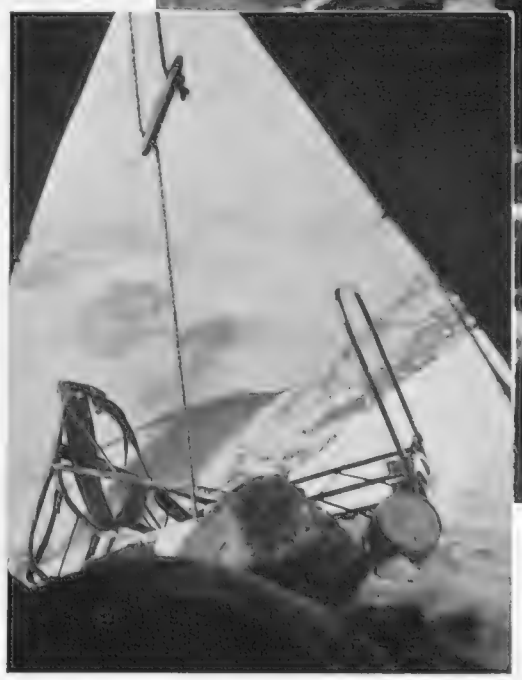
The plan this year was to make a slow advance up the East Rongbuk glacier to enable both Europeans and porters to acclimatize without strain. Each successive camp would be so completely stocked that, once occupied, the party need never retreat whatever the weather. In consequence, Camp III at a height of 21,000 ft. was not established till May 2. Bad weather, very similar to that of 1924, was experienced; but no fewer than twelve Europeans were concentrated there by May 6, so that there were plenty of reserves on which to draw for the heavy work on the North Col. This wall had changed considerably since 1924. It is really a steep glacier which is always on the move. Steps had to be cut with the ice-axe up the greater portion of it, and ropes fixed so that laden porters could ascend in safety. The crux of the climb was a 40-ft. ice wall, the first ascent of which by Smythe was a very fine mountaineering performance. An ice ledge was found at a height of 22,800 ft. on which Camp IV was established on May 15.

News had been received by wireless as early as May 12 that the monsoon was developing to the east of Ceylon. No time could therefore be lost, but gales prevented further progress until May 22, when five Europeans and twenty porters established Camp V at a height of 25,700 ft. on the north ridge, 500 ft. higher than this camp had been placed before. The party was cut off by another gale and had to descend on the 25th. A heavy snowfall on the North Col made the position at Camp IV so dangerous that a subsidiary camp had to be taken up on to the very exposed North Col itself. On May 28 a fresh party went up to Camp V, and on the 29th Wyn Harris, Wager, and Longland with eight porters managed to carry a single tent and stores to a height of 27,400 ft., where Camp VI was established. This was the finest carry that the Sherpa and Bhutia porters have ever made. Longland had the task of bringing them down and did so in the face of a blizzard. Next day Wyn Harris and Wager made the first assault. About two hours beyond Camp VI they found an axe lying on exposed slabs. It is quite certain that this axe must have belonged to either Mallory or Irvine, and it probably marks the scene of a fatal accident.

Up to this time it had been intended to try to climb the mountain by the great north-east ridge, a route which Mallory always favoured. The ridge is defended by two great buttresses called the First and Second Steps which are very precipitous and difficult of access. The alternative route adopted by Norton and Somervell in 1924 is a traverse keeping a few hundred feet below the ridge, and crossing a great snow gully just to the east of the final pyramid. Wyn Harris and Wager, who started at 5.40 a.m. in great cold, lost much time in attempting to climb the Second Step, which was found to be impossible. They were forced on to Norton's traverse route and crossed the top of the great gully on to very steep outward-shelving slabs. By 12.30 p.m.

(Continued on p. 458)

THE WAY UP TO THE GREAT SNOW GULLY: This gully or couloir is a marked feature of the northern face of Everest. It is always filled with snow, and cuts across both the great bands of dark grey limestone the ends of which form the first and second steps, and which give the impression of Everest being a fortified citadel



Right—LOOKING OUT OF THE DOOR OF CAMP VI EASTWARDS TOWARDS THE NORTH RIDGE: This view gives an excellent idea of the general angle of the upper eastern portion of the north face. The western portion is much steeper. It was on slabs of about the same angle as those shown in the photograph that the axe was found which must have belonged to Mallory or Irvine

A TWENTIETH CENTURY MARTYR: Miss E. J. Harrison, one of the missionaries who was murdered by Chinese bandits in 1930

THE MISSIONARY:

What does He Do and what Sort of Life does He Lead?—Pioneer Work of the Past and Present Conditions Described

By CHARLES GRAVES

Frankly, I had not the slightest idea, when I suggested this article on missionaries to the editor, that there were so many missionary societies. I merely visualized the Roman Catholic and the Church of England ones. Actually there are dozens, and so I shall have to confine myself almost entirely to the work of the Church Missionary Societies under which there are 1,200 European missionaries and 19,000 native Christian workers. Their labours are confined largely to Africa, India, China, Japan, and the Near East, which means Jerusalem and Persia. Of these countries China is distinctly the most dangerous. It was only three years ago that the civilized world was horrified by the murder of Miss Nettleton and Miss Harrison, whose last letters, written from the bandits' camp, are to be seen at the Church Missionary Society's headquarters in Salisbury Square. Moreover, it was stated recently in the *Chinese Recorder*, an authoritative missionary publication in Shanghai, that since 1924 twelve Protestant and twenty-one Roman Catholic missionaries had been killed in China, and fifty Protestant and thirty-nine Roman Catholic missionaries had been captured and held to ransom.

So, though much of the glamour of nineteenth century missionary work has gone, it can still be distinctly dangerous. Missionaries are no longer captured and eaten in the South Seas. They used to be. The cannibals of New Guinea said that Chalmers was very good eating. Fortunately that is a thing of the past.

But who was the first English Protestant missionary? He was William Carey, a reformed shoemaker who went out to India at the beginning of the last century. Finding that the English authorities did not approve of his labours, he founded his college in Serampore, which in those days was the capital of Danish India (I never knew the Danes ever held any part of India, but still——). To-day this is the only college in India which can grant theological degrees.

But let us begin at the beginning—a silver teapot. It was the gift of a sculptor named John Bacon to his evangelical friends of the Eclectic Society, a discussion group founded in 1783 by a dozen London clergymen. They used to meet in the vestry parlour of the now demolished St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. On March 8, 1799, someone propounded the question, "What methods can be used most effectively to promote the knowledge of the Gospel among the heathen?" A month later the answer was given at a meeting in the parlour of the Castle and Falcon Tavern in Aldersgate Street, where the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East was formed.

On the face of it, it seemed preposterous that a few City merchants, a solicitor, an upholsterer, a sculptor, a handful of curates, one or two lecturers, and three or four rectors should take on such a job. But they did. In those days Africa was not much more than a blank space with a few names dotted round the coast, and those mostly Portuguese or Dutch. Our own association with Africa in those days was the slave traffic. In 1787, for example, our sea captains carried 7,000 more slaves than any other European nation. So they were not likely to encourage Christianity.

Moreover, it was long before the days of quinine and mosquito nets; and of the first seventy missionaries who ultimately went out, half died on their first trip and half of the remainder on their second.

The India prospect seemed just as mad. Parliament had refused in 1793 to include chaplains and schoolmasters in the personnel of the East India Company. So, when a handful of Baptists were ultimately smuggled into the country on an American ship, there was wild excitement. They were described as Papists, and were said to be spies in the pay of Napoleon who was then besieging Acre.

The first known missionary to go to China in modern times was Robert Morrison, a member of the London Missionary Society, who learnt Chinese, wrote a dictionary, and translated the Bible under conditions of danger which would make intellectual work quite out of the question for most people. A mystery which has never been explained, however, is the authorship of a Chinese manuscript discovered in the year 1738 which turned out to be a translation of St. Luke, the Acts of the Apostles, and some of St. Paul's Epistles. Who was this Roman Catholic missionary? Was he martyred and his work stolen from him? His life work is in the British Museum to this day.

A hundred and thirty-four years have passed since the founding of the Society. Up to June of this year it had sent out 2,409 clerical and lay missionaries, and 1,650 women, not including wives. Of these missionaries no fewer than seventy-six have become bishops, and one has been knighted. The native Christian adherents connected with the Society number over a million, and there are more than 350,000 students at their various colleges and schools.

To-day missionary work is more important than ever to the safety of the Empire, or at any rate to its internal peace. Critics are easy to find. "Too many missionaries. Spoiling the niggers. Too much education. Leave them alone." But it is not so simple as all that. If you compare a nice unspoilt nigger boy, naked and self-possessed, heading off an errant goat, with a swaggering black youth lounging against a hut in ludicrous Oxford bags, you could not hesitate. And if missionary schools were responsible for the change they ought to be abolished. But there are many more factors in the situation. The first is that the naked boy needs education. He is full of vague bogeys. His attractiveness is that of a kitten. Besides, he is full of a great longing for a pair of trousers, not because a missionary or even a trader has advocated them. It is just because they have come to his country. And the trousers are just the beginning of it. He wants to investigate all the queer new customs and learning which evidently account for the white man's power.

AT THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S SCHOOL AT FOOCHOW: High-school girls decorating the sanatorium

The problem that the missionaries have to face is whether they can teach the boy to earn money and yet not to "blow" it, to avoid showy clothes and superiority, to bring out his latent gifts and, in fact, to become a useful citizen. Fortunately the missionaries are well on to the job. A good example is to be found on the borders of Kenya and Uganda, where lives a population of about 1,250,000. They belong to twelve different tribes and speak as many languages and dialects. Thirty years ago these people were untouched by any civilizing influences. The tribes were constantly at war with each other, and among some of them cannibalism and savagery were of common occurrence. The witch doctor was all-powerful, and the fear of evil spirits was universal. The tribes which thirty years ago never met but to plunder and kill to-day walk through each other's territory unarmed and unmolested. The power of witchcraft and cruelty is weakening. Cannibalism is a thing of the past.

Dotted over this area there are some 1,250 churches and schools, built by the people themselves, and 73,000 pupils are being given Christian teaching. The fourteen African clergy have each about 100 churches in their charge, while the European missionaries have the oversight of an average of 400 each! This gives an idea of how missionary work is increasing rather than dwindling.

In India the Church Missionary Society has seven mass movements. It is said that 55,000,000 Indian outcasts are moving towards the Christian Church—a movement which has spread to the 140,000,000 of the middle classes—the Sudras. Indeed, the Church in India is almost daunted by the overwhelming success of its work, for it has only 300 missionaries available. Fortunately, the efforts of the past have resulted in a situation to-day where the local Christian communities are becoming self-supporting and training their own missionaries.

In China there are just over 200 Church Missionary Society missionaries, nearly 100 less than ten years ago, which compares oddly with the fact that both the Chelmsford and Oxford Dioceses have over 600 clergymen apiece. China, which constitutes a quarter of the human race, with a culture 6,000 years old, is trying to shake off the shackles of the past and struggle towards liberty, and the whole world is involved in that struggle. The whole country is in a state of flux and change, and if Christianity is to get into its heart, now, according to the missionaries, is the time in this hour of change and readjustment.

I have said nothing so far about the hospitals overseas connected with the Church Missionary Society. They range in size from the Hang Chow Hospital, with 500 beds, to little branch hospitals with thousands of out-patients and only one small ward for in-patients. In Japan there is only one hospital with eight beds, but a maternity department known as "The House of Joy" is included. In India there are thirteen hospitals with an average of ninety beds each. In China there are seventeen, in Nigeria there are three, and in the rest of Africa twenty-three.

Child welfare in Africa and India forms a most important part of the Church Missionary Society's work. People come not only from the villages themselves, but from thirty or forty miles away, to the dispensaries. Infant mortality in India is terrific. Usually the houses in a village have no windows and often no chimney, and in the winter father, mother, relatives, children, dogs, goats, and cows sleep together in the same room with the door tightly shut. No wonder tuberculosis is greatly on the increase. A dispensary or hospital, of course, is not only a house of healing for the body. It is a place where the good news of the Great Physician is preached daily.

Altogether, it is rather a pity that in view of the hard times the Church Missionary Society is compelled to cut down its grants in every direction. It is all the more painful to its heads when they realize that this is the centenary of the abolition of slavery with which, through Wilberforce, they were so intimately connected.

IN CHINA'S FAR WEST: A Red Cross unit in the Church Missionary Society compound at Sintu, Szechwan. The unit was formed this year to assist civilians involved in the civil war between the 24th and 28th Chinese armies

NATIVE LIFE TO-DAY: Pictures from Africa and India

KEEPING THEIR DISTANCE: Untouchables shopping at a wayside store in Southern India. They are not allowed to approach closer than shown here. Millions of these people have adopted Christianity, and in some parts of the country the conditions in which they live have been vastly improved

INDIAN UNTOUCHABLES BUILDING A CHURCH: Christianity is spreading rapidly in India, and large numbers of these outcasts have been converted to the faith. In turn they are influencing the Sudras—members of the fourth and lowest Hindu caste

A ZULU CHIEF: A sturdy member of South Africa's once war-like native race. He is wearing a hank of chenille cord as a necklace

A SECRET TRIBAL CEREMONY IN KENYA: These peculiarly shaped straw coverings are worn by the initiated youths after taking part in the ceremony of "The Coming of Age of Youth." It is held with great secrecy and few white people have ever witnessed the actual tests which the young natives have to undergo to prove their manhood. Those that refuse to go through with the ceremony are regarded as outcasts and treated as prairie dogs unfit for the society of men. The ceremony is always followed by dancing and merrymaking

A STRANGE NATIVE CUSTOM ON THE IVORY COAST: A masked witch dancer arriving in a Yafouba village, West Africa. He is accompanied by male members of the tribe carrying spears and torches, whose duty it is to warn the women and children to take shelter in their huts. Those who do not hide are beaten with sticks, as only the men are allowed to see the dancer's mask

AMERICA NO LONGER HAS AN OPEN DOOR FOR FLOODS OF IMMIGRANTS: The United States is one of the most difficult countries in which to obtain permission to reside, and people with sufficient money to support themselves are often denied entrance even when they intend to make only a short stay

A PARTY BACK FOR CHRISTMAS: These lads have been working on Canadian farms. They will return to the Dominion in the New Year

ATTENDING TO EMIGRATION INQUIRIES: Major Owen Culshaw of the Salvation Army receives numerous inquiries regarding the possibilities of emigration to Australia and other parts of the Empire

EMIGRATION TO-DAY

Some of its Special Difficulties Described: A Question of Supply and Demand

The tradition that the young Briton is ready to fling discretion to the winds and seek his fortune overseas immediately things go wrong at home dies hard; but at the moment desire to journey forth in this reckless manner is slumbering, even if it is still alive. So far as the less wealthy section of the community is concerned, that desire has been drugged by the dole and the cinema, with the help, perhaps, of the laws of economics.

For the last few years—since the Dragon of World Depression reared its head—the Dominions have given but a lukewarm welcome to the type of Englishman or Scotsman whom they previously greeted with delight—the worker without resources beyond two strong arms, good health, and a readiness to do anything for which he was fitted. There are too many men of this class already within their borders, more than the number for whom work can be found. All the Overseas Governments have suspended their migration activities, and it is not unknown for the Customs authorities of Australia, for instance, to prevent men without sufficient capital from entering the Commonwealth unless they have definite jobs or relatives awaiting them.

Life in the Dominions is not, indeed, very attractive to Britons in the Home Country at the moment. There is no Unemployment Insurance "out there," no weekly payment for a call at the Labour Exchange; except in the cities and large towns one can really be lonely, and those modest amusements which are now available at home even for the man who has to exist for a time on the "dole"—such as "the pictures," football, and "the dogs"—are not so easily obtained in those vast countries where one's neighbour may live a day's journey distant. In other words, it is more comfortable at home. On the other hand, business conditions in Great Britain have produced a new set of emigrants consisting of men with a little capital, say £1,000 or £2,000, who, finding that they cannot make much progress against the competition of the huge concerns which have grown up here, decide to risk their all and start afresh in a new land, where they may at least get ahead of possible rivals.

In recent years, those concerned with oversea migration in London have become accustomed to inquiries regarding the prospects for a man willing to put down sufficient money to build a small factory, or to open a store in one of the out-of-the-way towns in various parts of Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. Many a flourishing little business has been founded in this way, for in those distant places it is the first-comer who captures the market, and there is little likelihood of a monopoly spreading its tentacles in his direction.

There is no doubt that industrial conditions overseas, as at home, have improved recently, and it is confidently claimed that trade has turned the corner. For the moment, the authorities are definitely discouraging emigration; but, in the words of the Commissioner of one of the great Dominions, when the time comes—at no distant date—for the resumption of the normal there will be no difficulty in getting the right men. That is proved by the shoal of letters which is being received regularly at the London headquarters, although at present they are mostly inquiries in respect of the future.

Among the very young, however, there is still a real spirit of adventure. Major Owen Culshaw, of the Salvation Army's Migration and Settlement Department, has no two opinions on that point. For several years this great organization has been taking boys out to Canada to work on the farms in Eastern and Western Ontario. There is no lack of applicants, and out of some 4,000 boys sent out for this work there have been only about 4 per cent. of failures. The majority of the lads earn such good wages that every year some forty or fifty of them come home for Christmas, having saved enough for the double journey across the Atlantic. "They treated me well on the farm," declared one of the lads who has just arrived home for the holiday.

Emigration is one of the matters upon which figures speak effectively and truthfully. They show, for instance, that for the past year or two more British subjects have arrived at British ports than have left; the balance used to be very largely in the outward direction. Again, they reveal that 90,162 British subjects left this country for the several parts of the Empire in the year which ended in September, whereas before 1925 many more Britons than this number went to Canada alone every year. As a matter of fact, this 90,000 was the total of the passenger movement and included those who were not in any way emigrants; the actual emigrants were only some 20,000.

As is generally known, there has been for the past ten years an Overseas Settlement Department in connection with the Dominions Office. This department, which enables the Imperial Government to keep an eye on emigration problems, has been using the period during which migration has been practically at a standstill to survey the whole question in order to formulate a considered policy when the Dominions once again call upon Britons to help them to develop their countries. It is simply a matter of supply and demand, and it is safe to prophesy that before long Great Britain will resume its task of assisting to people the Empire.

Harry Carr

CATS of CHARACTER

At Last Week's Crystal Palace Show

"TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES"

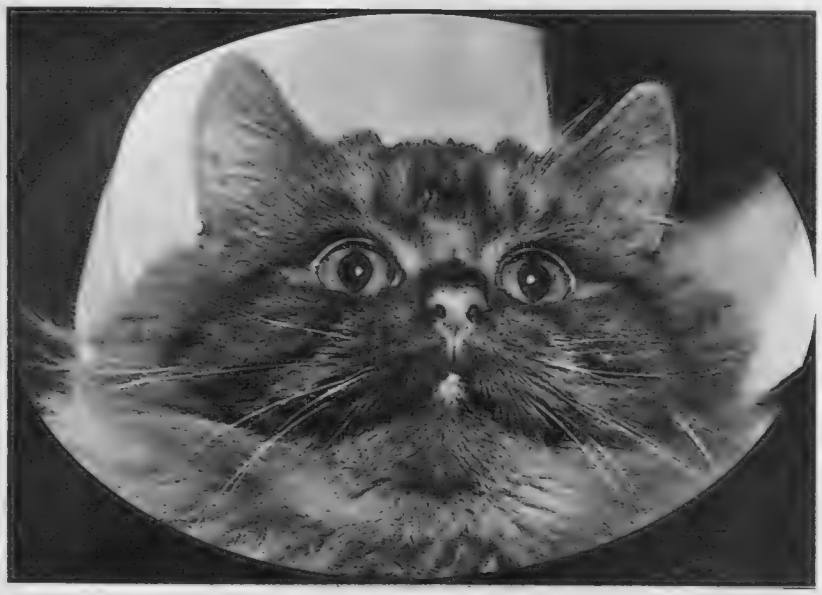
Miss Langston's Ch. Duffy of Allington—runner-up for the championship of the National Cat Club's Show

Mrs. Cattermole's entry which secured two firsts in the Long-haired Class

LOTUS LUCINA

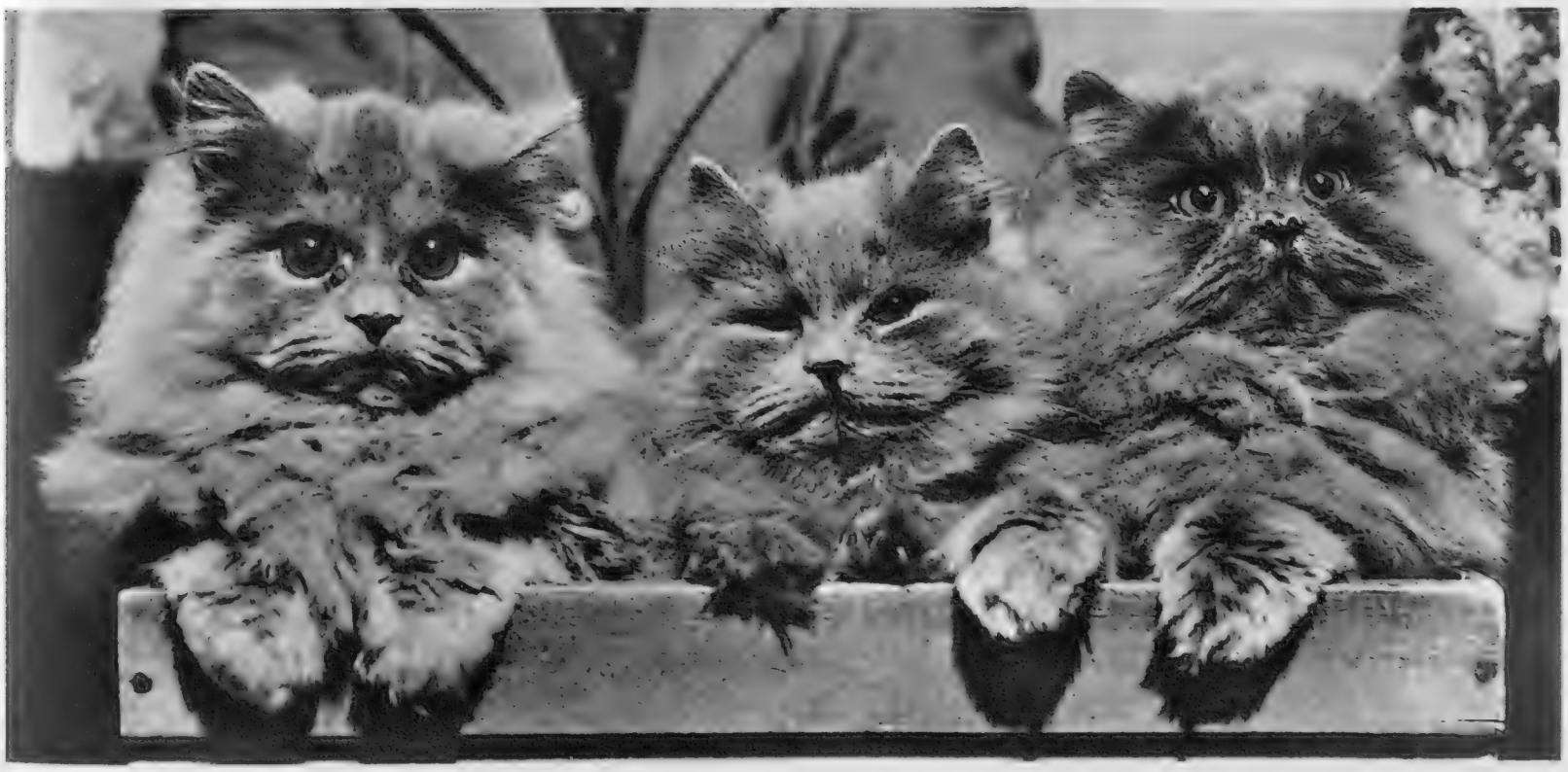
FELINE REFLECTIONS

Mr. G. Bolton's Townfield Harmony which won a first and several other prizes



Miss Wallace Dunlop's Red Tabby, Astara, the best female in its class

HEAD FOREMOST



THREE IN A BOX

Hyperion, Puck of Knott Hall, and Townfield Impregnable. Two of these kittens were prominent exhibits at the Championship Show

PRETTY BLUE PERSIANS

PREPARING TO BE MER

EQUESTRIAN ACROBATICS: La Ballerina giving a polished display while rehearsing her riding act for the Bertram Mills Circus, which opens at Olympia on December 21

THE THREE PRINCIPAL FAIRIES studying their parts for the Christmas play, *Buckie's Bears*, at the Playhouse. Miss Irene Gwynn is seen in the centre

THREE LITTLE PANTOMIME FAIRIES making up for a Christmas production at Hull. The younger members of the cast for the provincial pantomimes are largely recruited locally, and most of them have been busy rehearsing since the middle of last month

ANOTHER ALICE: Miss Beryl Laverick who will play in Miss Nancy Price's presentation of *Alice in Wonderland* at the Duke of York's Theatre

ARTISTS O
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OLD KING COLE

Good King Wenceslas and Santa Claus

A NEVER FAILING ATTRACTION: Mr. Charles Victor as the Mad Hatter and Miss C. Lewis as Alice rehearsing for the presentation of the pantomime, *Alice in Wonderland*, at the Princes Theatre, Manchester

OF THE SAWDUST RING: Mr. Bertram Mills, annually thrills London with his Christmas entertainment at Olympia, watching circus riders and a stilt walker rehearsing their acts

In a few days' time *Cinderella, Dick Whittington, Alice, Mother Goose, Sinbad the Sailor,* and a host of other pantomime favourites will be with us. No one, in fact, needs reminding that the festive season is here again. Preparations are nearly complete for the great Christmas Circus, and all over the country pantomime rehearsals are in full swing. The accompanying pictures illustrate some of the prevailing activity, which will culminate next week and the week after in the presentation of at least 200 pantomimes in London and the Provinces

Right—SEASONABLE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE WINDMILL: A reindeer trio drawing a load of loveliness in the persons of Lucy Loupé, Edna Wood, and Doris Barry

DECEMBER DAYS

Scenes from the Countryside

Winter Drought in the West Country

Above—"THE ROLLING ENGLISH ROAD": An out-of-the-way beauty spot between Cracoe and Thorpe in the Craven district of Yorkshire

On right—LUMBERING IN KENT: A sturdy team drawing a heavy tree trunk in the grounds of Lullingstone Castle, Kent. It will provide logs for many a Christmas hearth

BRISTOL'S WATER SHORTAGE: As a result of the sparse rainfall of the past six months the reservoir at Blagdon, Somerset, has the lowest level of water since 1921. Bristol householders may have their daily supplies cut off for fifteen hours. Other southerly counties are also very short of water

THE SITE OF BRIGHTON'S PROPOSED NEW MOTOR RACING TRACK: After eight years of discussion a course is to be laid out on 450 acres of the Downs at a cost of £100,000. Construction work will probably begin early in the New Year, and the first meeting may be held next summer. The plans provide for the building of a 24–30 ft. road to be used for tourist trophy races which will be run on much the same lines as those at Belfast

BRIDGE-BUILDING in INDIA: One of the Government's Many Highway Improvements

LINKING INDIA AND TIBET: A view in the Teesta Valley of the new Anderson Bridge, which was recently opened by the Governor of Bengal. The river is at most times a rushing torrent and, with its affluents, drains the whole of Sikkim. Although near the Himalayan mountain barrier, the Teesta at this spot is only 700 feet above the sea, and runs through a steaming gorge surrounded by wonderful vegetation and teeming with famous butterflies. This gorge is familiar to members of Everest expeditions who take this route on their northward journey

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ANDERSON BRIDGE: It is built of reinforced concrete and, during construction, tremendous difficulties were encountered by the engineers who were constantly having their work interfered with by landslips. To the right is the old suspension bridge which was built in 1880 to supersede the cane structure which formerly provided a somewhat unsatisfactory link between India and Tibet

COPING with LONDON'S CHRISTMAS MAIL

HOW THE G.P.O. SPEEDS UP THE MAILS: This picture was taken at Mount Pleasant, the main station on the Post Office Underground Railway. The line runs for six-and-a-half miles from the Eastern District office at Whitechapel to Paddington, where it connects with the G.W.R. platforms. In the foreground can be seen one of the "driverless engines" used on this unique system. It is automatically controlled and draws the mail bag containers at an average speed of 35 m.p.h.

During this week and next the Post Office will have to deal with the usual seasonal rush of mails, and, provided the normal number of thoughtful people continue to remember to post early, no undue strain is likely to be placed on this efficient service. London, itself, has a unique method of despatch which we illustrate in the accompanying pictures. It consists of a $6\frac{1}{2}$ mile miniature underground railway which links several of the important post offices with the sorting office at Mount Pleasant and the main line termini at Paddington and Liverpool Street. This is the first railway of its kind in the world, and is of particular usefulness in that it speeds up the despatch of mails and obviates the use of a large number of motor vans, which are always liable to be held up through traffic congestion.

Altogether there are eight stations, and each is equipped with lifts and spiral chutes for dealing with the mails, and with platforms which resemble in general appearance those in use on the "Underground." The line is operated by electricity on the "third rail" principle, and the trains are driverless and controlled from a series of switch cabins along the route. The switchman watches the progress of each train through his section on an illuminated diagram, and if necessary can bring it to a standstill by cutting off the current.

A clearer idea of the functioning of the railway may be gathered from the following description of the course taken by a letter posted at the G.P.O. and addressed to someone living in Bristol: Immediately after entering the post box, it passes into a bag and joins the other unsorted letters which have accumulated since the last collection. The bag is then taken by conveyor and chute to the tube railway platform, where it is placed in a container and automatically sent along the line to Mount Pleasant. On arrival the bag is dropped on to a conveyor, and thence travels by elevator to the main sorting office above ground.

The letter, the progress of which we are following, is then stamped and put in a Bristol bag which, when ready for despatch to the train, is dropped through one of several apertures in the floor and, by means of a conveyor and chute, again taken down to the tube railway. This time its destination is Paddington, and once again the tiny train dashes through the tunnel and in a few minutes its load is being sent up to the G.W.R. platforms by conveyor. Throughout the whole journey every effort is made to reduce "man-handling" to a minimum.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE G.P.O.'S MINIATURE LINE: The rails are of 2-ft. gauge and, except at station approaches, are laid in one 9-ft. diameter tunnel. At each station there are two sets of track running in each direction, one for through and the other for stopping trains. The total load each day is about 29,000 mail bags

FROM LETTER BOX TO SORTING OFFICE: As soon as the mail containers arrive at Mount Pleasant, the bags are dropped on to a conveyor and sent up to the main sorting office. The work is nearly all done mechanically

THE CONTROL CABIN AT MOUNT PLEASANT: The switchman has an indicator board which tells him the exact position of the train passing through his section

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE

A Round of the Christmas Shops

HOW TO KEEP FIT IN THE WINTER: An interested audience of Christmas shoppers watching a charming young demonstrator working a new type of exerciser in the sports department of a great London store

THE THRILLS OF SHOPPING: A typical group seeing the sights in a West End store

A WINDOW IN REGENT STREET: Children's frocks and the latest style in pyjamas. *Right*—GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT: A charming background for a toy display. The galleons can be modelled by children

HELP FOR HARASSED HUSBANDS: An advisory bureau where prospective buyers can obtain expert advice in the selection of presents

CHRISTMAS TIME IN TOY LAND: Up to 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening the toy shops are packed with eager purchasers and with children watching the demonstrations of all the latest novelties. Even grown-ups cannot resist the attraction of many of the mechanical marvels on view

FATHER CHRISTMAS HOLDS COURT BELOW THE WAVES: The submarine which is proving a tremendous attraction at Whiteley's

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

AN OUTSTANDING INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR: The successful French attack on the Malakoff—one of the forts of Sevastopol. It was stormed with such fury that the position was won in less than five minutes. The war, and the events which led up to it, are dealt with by Lady Airlie in her engrossing book, *With the Guards We Shall Go*, which has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton

Lady Airlie's Story of the Crimea: Mr. James Drawbell Writes about Twenty Women of Note: Lord Asquith's Uninteresting Letters

If a Communist propagandist were searching for a text book to use against the wickedness of emperors and kings, and the folly of war, what a wonderful find he would have in **With the Guards We Shall Go**, by the **Dowager Countess of Airlie (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.)**. In this quite remarkable and most engrossing book we pass in review the events that lead up to, and the frightful conditions of, the Crimean War in 1854–1856. Lady Airlie belongs to the gallant old school. She stands for country, for soldier sons, for supreme sacrifice, for the aristocracy, the firmly led people, and above all *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. To-day this last sentiment is a little blown upon. Excited boys at the universities are busy passing resolutions in the firm belief that one has only to desire peace ardently enough in order to get it. Half-an-hour in any garden would teach them the folly of such a philosophy. Nature not only abhors a vacuum, she abhors peace. Even the most harmless worm, innocent of all bloodshed, has its ferocious enemies, from the bird down to the merciless scolopendra. A few wars have been inevitable, most of them have been wanton. In the old days they often arose from the vanity or greed of kings. More recently they have had their birth in trade jealousy. What we do know is that, noble or ignoble, unavoidable or wanton, the wretched men who fight them have that emptiest of all rewards, glory, and are completely forgotten within fifty years, or earlier if another war effaces their heroism.

Who now cares anything about the Crimean War, or the thousands butchered or frozen to death? who can even say, off-hand, where a memorial to these wasted soldiers can be found?

> But as the war goes on I ask but this—
> Who cares a damn who died at Salamis?

I asked this question many years ago before pacifism was a form of adolescent hysteria. After all that has happened to us in the last twenty years Lady Airlie's book is frightening. She has learned nothing. The spirit that sent those victims out to the Crimea survives. They died for their country, that was enough. The lesson? The folly of war, the wicked irresponsibility of emperors and empires? Not at all. The lesson is that we must be prepared, that, if we plunge into a war, we may be able to wage it successfully, that our strength should frighten Russian emperors (or the U.S.S.R.) or any current bogey! "It may be of interest to contemplate," writes Lady Airlie, "the results which occurred some eighty years ago from disarmament which had been completed some thirty years before, not wisely but too well. Human nature must disarm itself, as well as its armies and navies, before the lamb can wisely lie down with the lion . . . . Let us draw the curtain. But let us not in this year 1933 forget the lesson. Our duty to our children demands that we should heed to it."

The curtain is then drawn on such a picture of horrors as makes the blood run cold. But the obvious lesson is only too plain. It is not that of preparation, it is that every member of the then Government, its Prime Minister and Cabinet, its Army Council and many of its Commanders, should have been hanged, drawn, and quartered for their criminal negligence and monstrous incompetence.

It is very difficult to know for certain what the Crimean War was about. From Lady Airlie's book it would appear that Russia wanted to carve up Turkey and bribe us with a slice. Doubtless the Russian archives would supply quite a different version, and emerge nobly from the enquiry. The battle of White, Red, Blue, and Green books that followed the last war conclusively proved that nobody started the war and nobody wanted it. It has ever been so. It will ever be so.

But it is a personal record which Lady Airlie brings to light, a record based on the letters of Colonel Strange Jocelyn. He was a young man of high birth, high courage, and a devout and patriotic spirit. He embarked with his men for Malta, en route, after festivities on the island, for Constantinople. "The hour has struck and already a halo of glory to come seems to glow above the glitter of present pride." The halo did not last long. Incompetence at home, and fever abroad, soon reduced the Guards to a mere shadow of themselves.

We are inclined to believe that war to-day is more terrible than ever. It seems very, very doubtful after reading these letters. But the code of honour in those days had curious points. It seems that an officer could retire from the war when he got tired of it. One officer wrote to a friend "that he cannot see why a man should do more than show once or twice he has pluck, to entitle him to follow his own feelings as to remaining with the Army or not. The longest-headed men cannot even guess when this war is to end, and is a man to serve forever . . . .? It is nonsense; nobody but fools would think so."

Jocelyn was not a quitter. He faced all the horrors, even while he wrote home indignantly. His mind reflected the times, with its sense of privilege, its unbearable arrogance, its unflinching fidelity to the current code of honour. He is aghast that the Guards are called upon to perform the same dirty work as the "commonest regiment of the Line raised from the dregs." He is wroth with the waste, with the lack of supplies. "Our men, poor creatures, are in a dreadful state . . . still in rags, and scarcely any shoes to their feet . . . Owing to the shameful mismanagement of every Department here, these unfortunates are dying of starvation, from cold and frostbites, occasioning amputations."

I recall, as a boy, seeing some of the Crimean veterans in my native town. No provision of any kind had been made for them, they were left to the mercy of old age and destitution, and the workhouse stared them all in the face until the noble zeal of a local grocer's assistant resulted in a fund being raised for their maintenance. We manage things better to-day. Men get killed in battle, in a "proper" soldierly way, they are not transported to a battlefield merely to starve to death or to be ravaged with diseases. Even heroic and kindly Colonel Strange, a colonel by purchase at a monstrous price, is indifferent to hygiene and the medical service. When Florence Nightingale led her cohort of seventy-eight women into the hideous conditions of a very circle of Inferno, many of the officers thought the Government had gone mad to allow women to interfere. Even Strange Jocelyn thought at first she was a humbug. "Miss Nightingale, I hear, takes immense interest in the surgical operations, and is always present when an arm or a leg is to be taken off. She seems from what I hear an odd sort of person."

Lady Airlie has given us a most absorbing story; it greatly depresses with its vista of human folly, but one is left admiring that steady flame of duty which carried men through incredible hardships, and made them heroes in a hell of their own creation.

Mr. James Wedgwood Drawbell's intense admiration for the opposite sex takes a businesslike form in his book **A Gallery of Women (Collins. 12s. 6d.)**. For these are all women who have done something outside the usual field in which women naturally excel. Among the twenty he selects not one is presented because she is an admirable mother, the wife of a great man, or the breeder of famous children. This book would arouse no enthusiasm in Signor Mussolini or Herr Hitler, who want their women kitchen-minded and useful even when not plain. All the women Mr. Drawbell selects would, I believe, be extremely uncomfortable to live with. They all suffer from excessive ego. They have smashed through, and they had shown themselves possessed of a degree of brains that makes, *ipso facto*, nonentities of husbands.

Mere man is generous enough to-day to applaud his own eclipse, and in this book Mr. Drawbell does it with gusto. Sometimes he falls back on the old asset from the Immortal Garden. Vicki Baum and Rosita Forbes possess so much charm that he almost forgets his job. He insists on a very domesticated Vicki, in the midst of children with "no foolish ideas about fame and success." As for Rosita Forbes, who is so incredible that she must have been invented, not born, "she was eight-cylinder long before there were eight-cylinder cars. She works on all cylinders all the time; with her eyes, her mouth, her slim beautiful hands." Now that, I know, is how Rosita Forbes likes to be written about. All her life she has been doing a sheikh's work with a houri's appearance. As Mr. Drawbell acutely points out she built herself a house in order to keep running away from it.

Looking at the careers of these twenty remarkable women, I think that probably Miss Alice Head has the most remarkable achievement to her credit. The impressive part is not that she once earned a pound a week, but that she keeps William Randolph Hearst in a state of admiration. She runs his papers, not quite his, since two of them were made by her; she buys a castle for him, and furnishes it. She sometimes tells him what is not good for him, a perilous sport with egotistical millionaires.

The weakness of this book is that all these remarkable ladies have made or possess money. That seems the criterion of success in Mr. Drawbell's eyes. He suffers a little, I fear, from "Rolls-Royceitis." I could introduce him to an equally remarkable charwoman, and a miracle of a Mile End mother. But they are not famous, and Mr. Drawbell is a moth who chases the limelight without singeing his wings in the fierce heat of publicity. But he is a deft moth, with very sensitive *antennæ*, and he has not left a single ungracious mark on the pictures of his fascinating gallery of women. He has examined the most alluring aspect of Creation, and done justice to a marvellous subject.

There has been such a chorus of praise about the letters of Lord Asquith that it requires much courage to raise a dissentient voice. But, let the truth be said, I found the letters in "H.H.A." **(Bles. 10s. 6d.)** very poor stuff. Asquith was not a letter-writer. He had not a glimmer of imagination, and the mind of a Yorkshire lawyer that made him, perhaps, one of the greatest speakers this country has known; his English, almost perfection as uttered from the platform, does not shine in the form of letters. He can now do nothing wrong, after years of unjustified abuse, but these scrappy letters will not help his reputation.

He was incapable of friendship with men. Grey was the only person he warmed to, and he repelled most of his associates with the isolation of his mind. He was only happy in the society of women, for whom he had complete devotion, and yet, even in these letters to a woman, he never opens out. The heart of H.H.A. is never felt to beat. One indiscretion apart, these letters could have run serially through the *Daily Mail* and have stirred no one. He was a scholar, he was well read, the beau ideal of the public-school mould, without ever having been to a public school.

The chief interest in these letters arises from scrappy information as to how the great and famous live. They come to lunch, they are seen at dinner. Asquith sometimes warms up over his contemporaries. He is a little bitter about the sleek, slick Balfour, his real estimate of Lloyd George emerges, and he is caustic with Churchill.

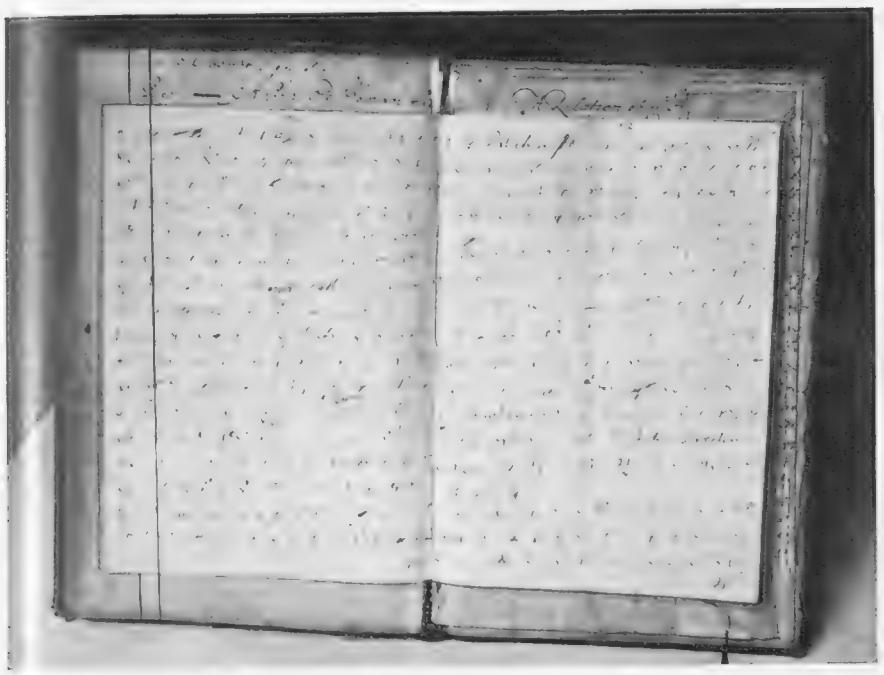
MISS BARBARA CARTLAND, whose new novel, *Not Love Alone*, has recently been issued by Hutchinson's

On page 458 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

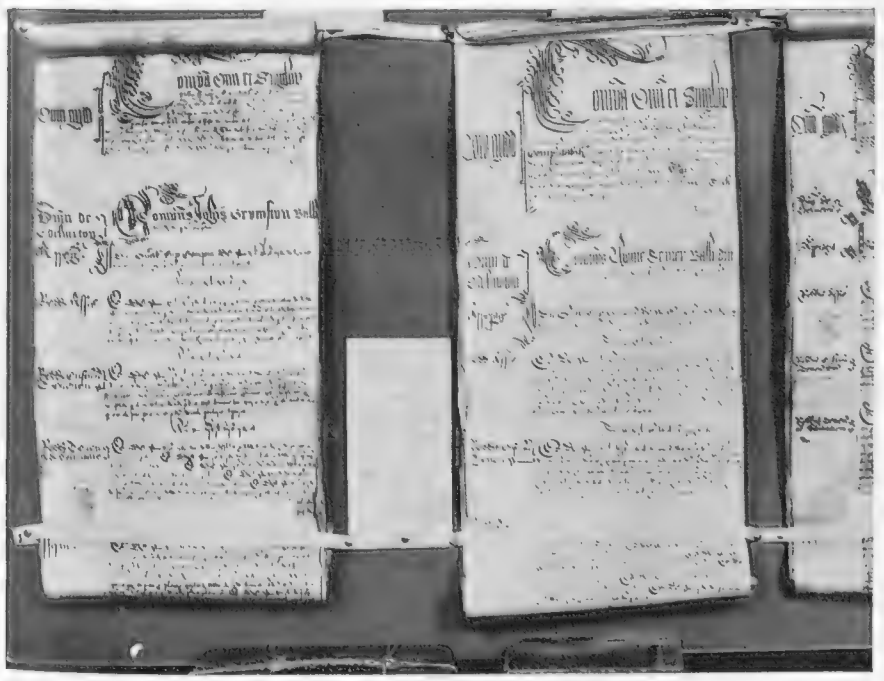
A PAGE for the ANTIQUARIAN

SAMUEL PEPYS' SPECTACLES SHOWN IN REPLICA: The most fascinating item in the Pepys Tercentenary Exhibition, now being held at Bumpus', is a pair of spectacles modelled on those used by the famous diarist. In later life he was much troubled with his eyesight and had a pair of this type specially made for him

SAMUEL PEPYS' SPECTACLES: They were constructed so as completely to shelter the eye from light and to fit close to the eyebrows. In his diary Pepys refers to them as his vizard, which evidently pleased him "mightily"



PEPYS' SHORTHAND NOTES RELATING TO CHARLES II's ESCAPE: This is another fascinating item of the Pepysiana now being exhibited by Messrs. Bumpus. The diarist took down at the personal dictation of the King the narrative of his flight from Worcester. A few words, such as Boscobel, occur here and there in longhand



FOUND IN AN OLD CHEST IN THE MIDLANDS: This recently-discovered rent roll belongs to the time of Henry VII and is now on view at the Record Office, Chancery Lane. The portion of the roll shown in the centre relates to Edmonton, which was then known as Edelmston. The roll is not complete, two sections being missing

AN ELEVENTH CENTURY ITALIAN MANUSCRIPT POEM: This beautifully executed work will come into the market in a few days' time at Messrs. Sotheby's. It was written on vellum by Leonard Dati, a Dominican monk, and relates to the medieval cities on the shores of the Mediterranean

AN HUNGARIAN PLAY AT THE VAUDEVILLE: Mary Newcomb reappeared last week in a new play entitled *Angel*, adapted from Melchior Lengyel by R. G. Trevelyan. Angel is seen facing her husband, Sir Charles Lester (Henry Hewitt)

A DRAMATIC MOMENT: A scene from Act II at the Vaudeville. Angel (Mary Newcomb) encounters Anthony (Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston) in the home of her husband after their amorous adventure in Paris

PLAYS OF THE HOUR

"Whistling in the Dark" at the Comedy — The Underworld of New York on the London Stage: Esme Percy and Cathleen Nesbitt Excel in Aldous Huxley's "The World of Light": Mary Newcomb in "Angel"

By PHILIP PAGE

Like the timid little man who, when a gigantic gangster in New York pressed a revolver into his ribs, gasped "Stick *what* up?" I am bewildered by American crooks on the stage. I do not understand their lingo and still less do I understand their motive in life. Invariably they seem to lead a dull and sordid existence in a dingy apartment. They are all afraid of each other as well as of the police. They are devoid of humour and their charm eludes me. They snarl miserably in rather shabby suits, and the longest sentence they appear to be able to frame is "Get t' hell outa here!" (and I don't think much of it).

Why, then, do they defy the law and imperil their immortal souls by murder? Rarely is there any evidence of luxury or of silken dalliance, and the gangster's lair in *Whistling in the Dark* is an Eve-less Eden. The only blonde belonged to one who was not a member of the gang at all. In the name of Al Capone, what do they spend their money on if they get it? And if they do not get it, why not play for safety, honesty, and a happy home?

These preliminary musings on the new "thriller" at the Comedy Theatre are prompted by the possibility that with the end of Prohibition in America will come the end of gangsters and the end of plays and films about them. This last is not, unfortunately, a probability. There are no more ancient Greeks, yet we have just had a play of ancient Greece. There are no more Brontës, in a literary sense, but the great flow of Brontë plays is not yet dammed. With the removal of the indirect source of their livelihood, gangsters, both on and off the stage, are only likely to become even more depressing and less heroic.

The set into which in *Whistling in the Dark* a popular crime novelist carelessly dropped did little beyond crouch behind doors, gun in hand. They had not the gumption to plot a murder, and forced the novelist to devise a fantastic plan of putting cyanide of potassium into the victim's tooth-paste. As the hero of the play, the novelist could not be a murderer, so he substituted powdered sugar. That nearly went wrong. But after a long process, *coram populo*, of fixing telephone wires to a radio set, he called up the police and the villains were arrested. This was all intended to be very exciting, and I must add in all fairness that the audience applauded so hard that the chance of a popular success is by no means remote.

That audience, which was largely of a specialized and film-like type, had had their arrival at the theatre illuminated by powerful arc-lamps, set up on a trolley in Panton Street—a fresh first-night ordeal which will not, I trust, become a normal one. Such nonsense should be left to Hollywood, and its sedulous apes in this and other countries. It should have no place in the theatre world of London.

It is not because I consider Mr. Richard Bird's performance as the captured novelist negligible that I make so belated a reference to it. He was as extremely good as the blonde "sweetie" who supported him was extremely ineffective. The gangsters, played by Englishmen, with Mr. George Pughe as their ring-leader, most cleverly and successfully portrayed what is conventionally (and for aught I know, correctly) accepted as the underworld of New York.

"The World of Light."—Exhaustive and patient researches by Mr. Aldous Huxley in the realm of spiritualism might conclusively prove almost anything, for Mr. Huxley has that kind of mind. But further exhaustive researches on my part have incontrovertibly shown, at any rate to my own satisfaction, that comparative safety at the Playhouse is reserved for Mr. Huxley alone.

Only the author himself knows whether in this play, *The World of Light*, he is quietly guying spiritualism or extolling the pathetic beauty of it as a creed of comfort. Deductions are apt to be dangerous. Let us suppose that this séance in the second act, which the man supposed to be dead (with whose spirit his father and his ex-fiancée honestly believe themselves to be in communication) interrupts to put the phosphorescent trumpets, the "spirit" music, and the nasal announcements of "controls" to utter and ridiculous shame, was a fake from beginning to end. That is an easy way out. But it does not dispose of the passionate belief of the old father, an honest man and no fool, though a frightened rabbit at the approach of his wife.

It does not make less convincing the assurance of the son himself that spiritualism need not be confined to communication with the dead, that the distant living may be the honest occupation of the medium, and that telepathy via a third party is a reasonable assumption.

A strange play and a strangely arresting one. A young Cambridge lecturer, loved by a girl he does not love, and idolized by a father in whose presence both are embarrassed, goes abroad to escape, has an air crash, and is presumed to be dead. After a long time he returns. The girl has fallen in love with the medium, a cowardly and caddish poseur; he is no nearer loving her; he is no less awkward with his spiritualistic father, though the final conversation between these two, if dramatically hopeless, is touching in its sincerity. But there is no prospect of happiness, and the son sets out on his travels again.

A comparison between Mr. Shaw's talk and Mr. Huxley's talk is interesting. Both, from the theatre's standpoint, talk too much. But whereas Mr. Shaw, even in his most brilliant moments, is often irrelevant, every word of Mr. Huxley's dialogue seems to be part of a relentlessly logical machine. Both throw construction overboard. The attraction of this play is in its concentration, its original mixing of motives, and its fine disdain of the obvious.

Mr. Aubrey Mather, who played the father at a few performances at the Royalty a couple of years ago, again gave a picture of muddle-headed, bewildered charm. There was pathos in his weakness, but never weakness in his pathos. One of the few actresses who can be hard without losing sympathy is Miss Cathleen Nesbitt; there was enough in her dealings with those two men to make her bitter. The hidden fire in her is a reality. She seems to have been born to play Rosa Dartle. Mr. Eric Portman was too sonorous in his earlier scenes, but rapidly improved. Mr. Esmé Percy brilliantly provided much-needed comedy.

THE NEW PRIESTLEY PLAY AT THE DUCHESS: Edmund Gwenn is the central character in *Laburnum Grove*—a new comedy in which he takes the part of a genial rogue. He is seen in the centre of the group

"Measure for Measure."—One does not nowadays go to the Old Vic. or Sadler's Wells to see Shakespeare so much as to see Charles Laughton in Shakespeare. Indeed, I feel tolerably certain that *Measure for Measure* has been revived at the Old Vic. simply in order to give Mr. Charles Laughton an opportunity to play Angelo, a part after which, I am led to suppose, he has long hankered.

O O

Measure for Measure has never been popular, partly because it is unpleasant and partly because it is uneven, with a swift tailing off at the close towards a "happy" ending in preposterous contrast to the evil which has preceded it. Angelo, too, is a problem. To me he has always seemed an ascetic succumbing to a sudden and irresistible lust, a man with lined, lean, and saintly face. Mr. Laughton makes him a sensualist trying to behave, but letting his real nature burst out, masking until then his filth with a plump, impassive countenance —a combination of Scarpia in *La Tosca* and Mr. Pecksniff. Unpleasant, indeed, more than ever unpleasant in his suavity. That adds to the horror of the play; it is also permissible to suppose that it turns it upside down. Of course, Mr. Laughton was devilish clever.

Miss Flora Robson can play no part badly, but I did not care for her Isabella. On the other hand Miss Ursula Jeans' Marianne, Mr. Lawrence Bashcomb's Pompey, Miss Elsa Lanchester, and Miss Athene Seyler were precisely right, and Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's production had many good points.

"Angel."—"I'm no angel" is the burden of Miss Mae West's film. Nor is the heroine of *Angel*, M. Lengyel's play at the Vaudeville, conspicuously angelic. She claimed the right to live from time to time a full and free life; which is a euphemism for going to Paris for a few days in search of that which her husband could not or would not provide. I understand that the Censor has been busy with this play, though signs of revision or deletion are few, and a spade is called nothing but a spade.

Lady Lester visits a house in Paris under the name of Angel, in search of—well, adventure. It is run by an amusing old baggage with red hair, and vice is suggested by the vision of couples dancing off stage to a gramophone. Tony Reading, back from Borneo, falls in love with Angel instead of dancing to the gramophone, and we gather that Angel did not waste the money spent on hiring that private aeroplane.

In Act II things become rather awkward, for Tony comes to London and calls on Angel's husband, Sir Charles Lester, who is an old friend. Sir Charles, a pipe-smoker and intended, therefore, to be lovable adds stupidity to his other failings; he does not see how the land lies, preposterously though Angel fibs not only to him but to Tony when she puts up the "I've never seen you before; it must have been another woman" line of defence.

When Sir Charles goes to Paris on business she goes with him. What more unnatural, therefore, that the trio should go to discuss the situation in the drawing-room of the "establishment"? Angel loves Tony and she loves her husband, too, and the husband wins, though I did not envy him.

In its preposterously artificial way *Angel* is an interesting play. The theme is handled with such intelligence that it is difficult to understand why the author failed to see that in its present form it falls between two stools (being neither good drama nor effective feminist propaganda), and that as a farce it might have been brilliantly funny. I fancy something has been lost in the translation and that the theme is foreign to English psychology.

Miss Mary Newcomb played Angel on theatrically effective lines, which is the only way to play it, and was dressed accordingly, for she managed to cram four gorgeous "creations" into three acts. It is an elusive, unreal part, and I cannot think of "anybuddy" (as Miss Newcomb, who still pinches her vowels, would say) who could play it better.

Miss Mary Clare was deliciously funny as the disreputable *patronne*, and Miss Meriel Forbes-Robertson, as, apparently, the sole resident lady on Miss Clare's premises, was full of vitality—surprising in the circumstances. I do not know why she talked American. If Angel's temporary flight from Sir Charles (Mr. Henry Hewitt) was understandable her attachment to Tony (Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston) was not. As colourless a pair of males as ever I did see.

SHOWS TO SEE

ADELPHI: Charles B. Cochran's *Nymph Errant*, with Gertrude Lawrence.
AMBASSADORS: Cyril Maude in *Cabbages and Kings*.
APOLLO: Elizabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never!*
CRITERION: Ivor Novello's *Fresh Fields*.
DALY'S: Peter Haddon presents George Gee in *That's a Pretty Thing*.
DUKE OF YORK'S: *The Rose Without a Thorn*.
HAYMARKET: Robert Douglas and Jessica Tandy in *Ten Minute Alibi*.
HIPPODROME: *Give Me a Ring*.
HIS MAJESTY'S: *Music in the Air*.
PICCADILLY: *A Sleeping Clergyman*.
ST. MARTIN'S: *The Wind and the Rain*.

IN THE PALACE OF NERONI, VENICE: The play deals with the adventures of two brothers and the two women with whom they are in love. Elizabeth Bergner, who is already known to us by her film work, takes the part of Gemma Jones—one of the young heroines. Cronin Wilson is seen seated at the table opposite Elizabeth Bergner, with Leon Quartermaine on the richt

AN EPISODE IN VENICE: Elizabeth Bergner, Hugh Sinclair, and Cronin Wilson in another scene in Margaret Kennedy's play

IN THE ARTIST BROTHER'S FLAT: The two women discuss the situation which has arisen. Eve Turner, who acts the part of the wealthy girl, Finella McClean, is seen on the left

"ESCAPE ME NEVER!" AT THE APOLLO

Elizabeth Bergner watches Hugh Sinclair making love to the wealthy girl, played by Eve Turner. This scene takes place in a cafe in the Dolomites

ON THE AUSTRO-BAVARIAN FRONTIER: An Austrian guard searching a traveller before allowing him to cross the border

GENERAL VON BLOMBERG, German Minister of Defence, inspecting the shooting range at the Wansee Small Arms Institute

THE RUMANIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE IN PARIS: M. Bratiano (centre) at the Gare de l'Est

THE JAPANESE PREMIER, Viscount Saito, reading the Emperor Taisho's Imperial rescript at the Meiji shrine, Tokyo. The document relates to the encouragement of the National spirit in Japan

WAR IS IMPOSSIBLE—
LOCARNO OR NO!

A Survey of the Franco-German Position showing that Germany, however much She may want a War of Revenge, would not Think of Action in Her Present State of Unpreparedness

Whether the Locarno Treaty is still an operative instrument or whether it is *tabula rasa*, war is impossible in Europe, whatever may be the risks of it outside Europe. Be the Locarno Treaty alive or dead, no one seems to have ventured to set out the main reasons why no one can fight anyone *for an indefinite and a very lengthly period*.

There are only two nations in Europe who want war and may think it is an ultimate necessity—France and Germany. There can be no war for a very long time to come for one principal reason, and one or two not so principal reasons. The principal reason is that Germany is not ready for war, and that she has never gone to war until she is ready. No one knows this better than (a) the French Military Intelligence Department and (b) Hitler.

If Germany had been ready any time from 1918 onwards and had believed that the arena of conflict could be confined within the bounds which she desired, France would not have had time to turn in her tracks before she had her old antagonist at her throat. There is nothing to be gained by pretending that this is not so. The reason why the thought of war and the desire for it will ever continue on both sides of the Rhine is that oil and water never have mixed, and France and Germany will never be friends.

Germany does not mean to lose the next round of the eternal fight. She will not fight, therefore, until she is certain, as certain as she was in 1870. France does not want to go to war with Germany unless she can be sure of a cohort of assorted allies. She is not sure of them at the moment. Before the little disagreement of 1914 France had been talking of her lost provinces and a war of *revanche* for 1870 for years, and it was not Germany who did most of the sabre-rattling, certainly not before 1911, in which year a restricted conflict with Germany and ourselves as the principals was so narrowly avoided.

Ever since 1918 Germany has talked of nothing much else but the injustice of that much-criticized document concocted at Versailles, of the injustice of the Polish corridor and the Saar, of the injustice of not allowing her sufficient troops to defend her frontiers. She has snarled and shown her teeth more often during the past year, but it is ridiculous to believe that she will risk war until she is ready, and until the stage is set to her liking.

Germany is not ready, whatever French and Polish Intelligence Officers may tell us. These diligent and highly efficient gentlemen, of course, have heard all that every other gentleman of "The Trade" has heard in East Prussia, in Danzig, Zoppot, and the Rhineland—the frothings and fumings of German fire-eaters, who have said to intelligent English Intelligence people: "You have taught us the lesson that a first-class army can be raised in a very short time by a nation devoted to sport, and we are now a 'sports' nation! You as old soldiers know the recruit can be taught to shoot on a miniature range, and with the Morris tube! We also teach like that!"

Everyone who has had ears to hear and whose business it has been to hear, has heard all that. The writer of this little discussion heard it all two-and-a-half years ago in Danzig. But Germany still remains unprepared for war, however strong her desire may be to smash her ancient foe. The same feeling prevails and will always prevail in France. There will be no definite guarantee of peace in Europe until one or other of these bellicose nations is pulverized irretrievably. It is pistols for two—coffee for one, and anyone who thinks otherwise is shutting his eyes to the hard facts.

In 1870 France talked war and then rushed into it headlong, not because of any question as to whether a Hohenzollern was to sit on the Spanish throne, but because she thought she had a good chance of catching her hated enemy on the hop by a quick stroke. She thought Germany was not prepared for war. The French "information" was abominably wrong. The French preparedness for war on the grand scale was practically non-existent. Bismarck knew all this from 1866 (Königgrätz) onward; he did nothing to check the precipitation of war and he was clever enough to manœuvre France into the position of the aggressor.

Both countries were spoiling for a fight. Bismarck knew France wanted a quarrel; he knew it at least four years before 1870; consequently he saw to it that Germany was equipped for the combat down to the last cartridge. He knew exactly what would happen and that he could compel a quick change in the battle-cry of "A Berlin!" to one of "Nach Paris!" As is history, Germany won a devastating success against a nation, or perhaps it would be fairer to say, an Emperor, who had alienated the sympathy of the whole Western world.

Germany won all along the line in 1870 *because she was ready*, and because Bismarck had been so clever as to narrow the issue down to a conflict—France v. the North German Bund. The moment the Benedetti draft was published in *The Times*, Bavaria and Würtemberg wheeled into line with the North—the great German Empire stood four square, ready down to the last cartridge, let us repeat, against an enemy who was totally unprepared, led by a man who was no general, and who had completely lost even such head as he possessed. How French regiments were sent away from their peace stations before the arrival of their complement of men and without waiting for their equipment; how no one knew where anybody was meant to go; how when Napoleon arrived at Metz, the precise whereabouts of many bodies of troops—whole divisions—were unknown; how whole corps lacked trains, hospitals, and nearly the whole personnel of their administration, are all history. The disaster which overtook this expedition "A Berlin" was inevitable. The only surprising thing is that it was not even greater than was actually the case. *Germany was ready*—therefore she fought and therefore she won. That is her admirable method.

At the moment Germany is in a state of complete military isolation. She has not even Austria as an ally. The hopes of the renewal of the old *Dreibund* are but faint ones. The case for "imminent war" which has to be met is this:—

(a) That Germany wants a war of revenge;

(b) That she is on the edge of starting one.

The issue (a) is not fantastic, but (b) is. It is quite true that Germany does want to get her own back, and Alsace-Lorraine she considers her own for these Rhine Provinces were originally German, but she is not going to fight unless and until she knows the ring is cleared and she can rely upon having only one adversary. Germany's military encirclement hardly needs any demonstration. There is a thinly-veiled military concordat between France and Poland: Germany is not blind to what French diplomacy is endeavouring to bring about elsewhere, a similar concordat between France and the thing called the Little Entente (Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia) whose combined armies on a peace footing, be it noted, number 593,504 with a known air strength of 1,887 war 'planes and a reputed equipment of tanks of modern type. The French army on its present peace footing totals 578,900 with an air strength of 2,286 'planes. Leaving Poland out of the question for the moment, if French diplomacy can accomplish this further military concordat this would mean a force available to-morrow morning of 1,172,404 with an aerial arm 4,173 strong.

And yet we find people ready to tell us that Germany is ready to go to war—and ready to risk it against this possible combine plus Poland and plus, perhaps, Great Britain!

The German General Staff is not an assemblage without brain.

If Germany were as foolish as was France in 1870, she would provoke war and then rush to her own inevitable destruction, but that is not the German method. She knows this dangerous game too well to make such an amateurish mistake.

If, on the other hand, France fell upon Germany on a created pretext, such a pretext as that of 1870, she would have as little sympathy from the rest of Europe as she then had.

It is French nervousness; these secret dossiers of German re-armament; this eternal jumpiness; this ineradicable national hatred, that supply the fuel for all the fiery talks of the imminence of war.

Even if Germany were now as ready as she was in 1914 (1870 and 1866)—and we know that she is not, and that she cannot be, even if we accept all the "facts" as to her secret armies, secret munition factories, and civilian aircraft convertible at short notice into military machines—is it believable that she would fight the world yet once again without a chance of any allies to back her up? It is a fantastic suggestion.

The strong will to war is there on both sides of the Rhine, but one of the would-be contestants is not ready and the other is not anxious to go into a fight unless she has at least three other people to back her up.

"X."

"Why do you always insist on that particular brand of Whisky?"
"Because I believe in getting the best, and the best is

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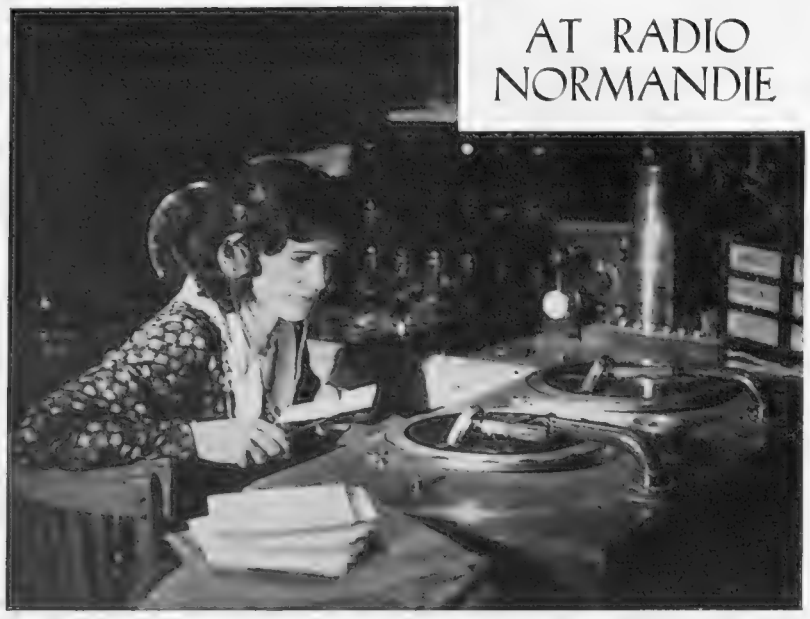
AT RADIO NORMANDIE



BROADCASTING RECORDS FROM RADIO NORMANDIE: This young lady acts in the dual capacity of private secretary and announcer

THE MIKE: The ornately designed instrument used at Radio Normandie

M. LE GRAND, who started the station, repairing one of the cables

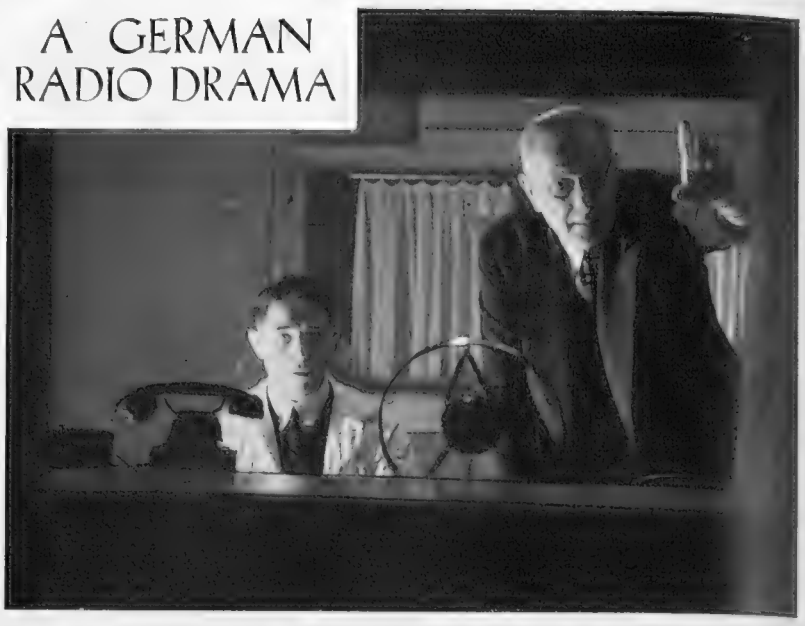
SPREADING MIRTH INTO THE EARLY HOURS: M. Le Grand broadcasting humorous records from his station at Fécamp

THE STUDIO: M. Le Grand sitting before the microphone

THE WOMAN ANNOUNCER regulating a broadcast from an English speaker. He receives his instructions from the indicator board

Radio Normandie, which is steadily gaining in favour with British listeners, was established as a private broadcasting station by M. Ferdinand Le Grand. It was primarily intended for the people of Fécamp, but to-day its reputation extends much farther afield. M. Le Grand is an expert technician, and whenever possible personally supervises the broadcasting of his programmes

A GERMAN RADIO DRAMA



DIRECTING A GERMAN SCREEN DRAMA: The producer, who is standing next to the technical control man, gives his instructions from a compartment adjoining the studio

THE ASSISTANT PRODUCER coaching a child actor for her speech before the microphone

NOISES OFF: An assistant producing sound effects during the broadcasting of a battle drama

MORE SOUND EFFECTS: This assistant is waiting for his cue before imitating the noise of galloping horses

IN A BERLIN STUDIO: These players are supposed to be marching along a street and singing. In order to produce the former effect they stamp on a board provided for them in front of the microphone

In Europe there are only two countries which can lay claim to outstanding individual development of radio drama and the technique of its broadcasting. The one is Britain and the other Germany. Their methods of production, however, are entirely different. The B.B.C. broadcast radio drama from a completely novel point of view which is, no doubt, the right way, as it is wholly acoustical.

In Germany the technique of the theatre and film still prevails largely in the broadcasting studios. There the producer of a radio play likes to see his actors as well as hear them, whereas the B.B.C. rightly finds it sufficient if they are heard.

Radio drama is, of course, an entirely new form of art, and the encouragement it has received in Germany—the German Broadcasting Company has in the past commissioned plays to be especially written for the microphone by a number of well-known authors—has led to the production of such plays as *Brigade Exchange* and *Flags on the Matterhorn*.

The Germans claim that their rather primitive method of producing a radio play is necessary so that actors and persons concerned with sound effects shall all be together and shall be inspired with the atmosphere of the piece.

They consider this of the very first importance, regardless of the fact that balance and control of sound often become extremely difficult.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

AN ACTRESS WEDS: Mr. Victor Malcolm and his bride, Miss Ann Todd, the screen and stage star, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage last week

MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . . : Miss Margery Booth, a Wigan girl, who recently sang before Chancellor Hitler and who is now a leading figure at the Berlin State Opera

THE STAR OF THE MOMENT: Mr. C. B. Cochran with Miss Elisabeth Bergner, who is thrilling London with her remarkable performance in *Escape Me Never!*—Margaret Kennedy's play at the Apollo

"LES DÉBUTANTES": These young Society girls are appearing in the cabaret at the Savoy Restaurant which has been organized in aid of charity by Mrs. John Barnard. Left to right—Miss Tunie Karri-Davies, Miss Margot Hawkins, Miss Primrose Salt, Miss Margot Scott, Miss Gweneth Butler, Miss Peta Davis, and Miss Esther Grant

THE FILM OF THE YEAR: The Duke of Sutherland (centre) presenting Mr. Alexander Korda (right) with the Gold Medal of Merit awarded him by the Institute of Amateur Cinematographers for his direction of *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, which has been pronounced the best talking picture made in Britain this year

TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S: The inkstand which was presented to the Earl of Clarendon at the Paris Peace Congress of 1856. Pictures of the delegates who attended the Congress appeared in our issue of December 9

M. AVENOL, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, who arrived in London this week on official business

AT CLARIDGE'S Lady Inchcape dancing with a friend at the Harbour Lights Ball held in aid of the funds of the Missions to Seamen. The ballroom was decorated to represent the deck of a pleasure steamer

THE SHELTER FROM THE STORM: Motorists crossing Dartmoor last week found the Warren Inn a welcome retreat from the stormy weather. The peat fire burning in its cosy bar is reputed not to have been extinguished for over 100 years

A STRANGE VISITOR TO THE WHITE HOUSE: Known as the "Dymaxtion"—this radically designed car was recently demonstrated at the White House, Washington, by Lieutenant A. Williams, a former U.S. Naval air ace

RECORDING SKIDS: A specially designed motor-cycle combination used by the Ministry of Transport. The wheel of the side car is so designed as to skid while the other two wheels are running normally. The skidding properties of the road under test are thus recorded

CRASH-PROOF: A new type of bumper recently demonstrated to the French Automobile Club. A vehicle fitted with this device was purposely driven into the back of another car at 30 m.p.h. without causing or sustaining any damage

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Ministry of Transport Accidents Statistics which have been issued will in any way smooth down the anti-motoring campaign. The people who are at the head of this campaign are, I feel sure, determined to pursue their policy until they achieve their object or until they see it is hopeless to go any farther. I must say I think all motorists were themselves surprised at the information which the Ministry of Transport figures provide, at least where the question of speed is concerned. I certainly thought that the out-and-out road hog, whose existence no one denied and who certainly travels at more than 20 m.p.h., was responsible for more damage than appears to be the case.

The most absurd suggestions are being put forward by both sides. For instance, one idea was that every vehicle should have a large speedometer placed in such a position that every pedestrian could read it. I do not know, but I expect the idea of this is to show to the world at large whether any particular car is exceeding some ridiculous speed limit. Even if the dial were a couple of feet in diameter and presuming that the instrument did function, which I very much doubt, who could read it on a car that was doing 60 m.p.h.? But the trouble is that not only would it have to be read accurately but a certain amount of proof would also be necessary. Then, again, who is to institute the prosecution except the police? And if that is the case I humbly suggest that the police know how to check the speed of a car without having any such childish assistance for them.

MR. F. G. BRISTOW, C.B.E., who has completed twenty-one years as Hon. Sec. to the Standing Joint Committee of Mechanical Road Transport Associations

Then on the motoring side, amongst the fantastic suggestions is one that when a driver has an accident he should be branded in some way, and the mark of his misdeeds should be made apparent to all other road users. This, of course, would never work, for the badge would obviously have to be carried on the car; and as drivers sometimes change their car, even for five minutes to run down to the station, we should find that the bad driver was without his mark and some very skilful pilot was sailing along with the mark of "Cain" on his car.

According to one of our reliable weekly technical journals, the membership of the Pedestrians Association (who do not seem to like motorists too well) is only a few thousands. As all motorists are likewise pedestrians, it seems to me that a very simple way to make the Pedestrians Association more representative would be for an equal number of motorists to join so that their voice at an annual general meeting would sway the vote on any expression of opinion concerning motorists. The annual subscription is very small, so that the suggestion is quite practicable. The Pedestrians Association are very small, but they shout loud and shout often, so that their voice is definitely heard. How much better it would be if that voice were directed in the right direction.

The more I go into the question of road accidents the more I am convinced that a greater reduction of their numbers could be made if a really strong Minister of Transport were to act like a Mussolini, take the roads under his sole control, and issue regulations which would affect every user. The first great principle that would have to be laid down would be that every person and vehicle has an equal right on the road. At present the pedestrian considers that, as he was the first, all others are intruders. Put, therefore, everyone on an equal footing and make all users obey the same regulations. If the police summon a motorist for obstruction there is no earthly reason why a pedestrian standing in the road for an undue time should not also be summoned for the same offence. Time after time I have enumerated suggestions for the control of traffic which, if carried out, would cause very little inconvenience to anyone, but would certainly reduce the risk of accidents occurring.

Having now completed 10,000 miles on one of the latest 20-25 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis I intend to say a few words regarding this famous marque. The more I drive it the more I am convinced that it is an amazing production. So much has been said regarding Rolls-Royce products that it is exceedingly difficult to mention anything fresh, but it has two characteristics which in my opinion have not been stressed enough. First and foremost, it is, I consider, the safest car on the road. The controls are well-nigh perfect. It holds the road, it accelerates like a flash, and it can stop in an instant. Whatever it is doing it does smoothly and silently so that no other road user, nor the owner himself, is frightened or disturbed no matter what operation is being carried out. I find also that although it will do well over 70 m.p.h. with a comparatively heavy body, there is no urge to tear along at such speed. When floating along the road at 45 or 50 m.p.h. and small cars pass I find there is no inclination to pursue them, for one feels that the reputation of Rolls-Royce is so well established that the driver has not to risk his neck or those of anyone else in endeavouring to show off the capabilities of the car.

The second characteristic is that it never seems to change. After 10,000 miles my car goes just as well as it did on the day I first took delivery, and as an illustration I may mention that the engine would just run with the throttle lever fixed in a certain notch, bring it back just one more notch, and it stopped. It behaves in exactly the same way to-day, and I expect it will do so in another five or six years. Having recently seen over the works at Derby I am really not surprised at the results obtained. Other manufacturers when designing a part usually consider whether it will work or whether it will not—but at Derby the consideration is, Is that the best way to make it work or is it not?—the price factor being entirely pushed into the background.

Another surprising feature about Rolls-Royce cars is their uncanny ability to travel uphill just as quickly as they go along the flat. I am, of course, referring to ordinary main road hills such as the famous gradient out of Henley on the road to Maidenhead. Nothing ever becomes fussy, and the tremendous power conveyed to the transmission is so soft and irresistible that one is apt to imagine that nothing very much is happening. The popular idea is that a Rolls-Royce is an expensive car. My experience shows me that few cars, not, of course, including the ultra small ones, can be run more cheaply. Anyone who can produce the necessary capital to buy one would find that repair bills, petrol, oil, and tyre outlay are ridiculously small, whilst it is one of the few motor cars which has a constant secondhand value, and when depreciation is taken as a percentage of the capital I doubt if any other car could show a lower figure.

I am fortunate in having Hooper coachwork on mine, and I can honestly recommend anyone who goes in for one of these chassis to have coachwork by a well-known firm such as this, otherwise the joys of the chassis will be minimized by the troubles which may appear in the body.

IN THE STONY HEART OF AUSTRALIA: This picture gives an idea of the arduous kind of country which this Vauxhall car has to negotiate in Australia—a part of the world in which this make of car is becoming increasingly popular

I have no patience with the motorist who endeavours to economize by using cheap lubricating oil. Before very long the budding economist soon finds his mistake and the lesson is learnt, but there is no earthly reason why it should be necessary to produce a ruined engine in order to appreciate that cheap oil is bad oil and, therefore, is not cheap oil. In cold weather the motorist should be particularly careful to use only the very best brand and to take the advice of the suppliers as to the particular grade suitable for the engine during the winter. Some motor oils go almost as solid as grease in the cold, so that when the engine is started up the bearings receive no lubrication for quite a long time and obviously this oil starvation causes more damage to the engine than thousands of miles of motoring. The effect on the batteries is likewise ruinous. Fortunately for the car owner there are several brands of lubricating oil that are perfectly safe in cold weather. Just to mention one, I am told that Essolube, which is sold in those attractive glass bottles, reaches the farthermost bearing before many other oils have even thawed thin enough to flow. This amazing winter fluidity and its high lubricating qualities under the severest engine heat are two of the five "star" qualities of Essolube.

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Dressing the girl of from fourteen to seventeen years of age is one of the trying problems that every mother has to face. The dress sketched immediately on the left is simple and beautifully cut, with a "grown-up" touch in the garnet-coloured velvet frills over the shoulders. Made of white wind-swept satin, or in charming pastel shades, it costs 60s. at Swan & Edgar of Piccadilly Circus.

Below it is a pink spotted net dress with a taffeta slip, worn by a girl of from seven to thirteen years. There are several colour combinations, and the price is 40s.

The smaller girl is very proud of her dress of sheer organdie embroidered with pastel-coloured flowers and trimmed with contrasting rouleaux. It is made for children between six and ten years of age, and costs 30s. in the loveliest colours. The last two models also come from Swan & Edgar

Lace is chosen by the sixteen-year-old girl in the panel below. Slightly stiffened, and made in the softest pink, it has blue satin ribbons carried up from the waist and across the shoulders beneath the frills. It comes from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge, where delightful lace dresses in this size can be found from 98s. 6d.

The smaller girl has on a pastel-coloured crêpe ninon frock adorned with reproduction Valenciennes lace and satin bows. It costs 65s. 6d., is hand-sewn, and is made in sizes up to five years of age.

Her companion wears palest pink or blue net, gauged across the bodice and arranged in puffed frills on the skirt. Suitable for children from six to ten years old, it costs 79s. 6d.

Lastly, the two-year-old boy is pleased with his rayon marocain knickers and rosebud patterned crêpe blouse. The price of this suit is 35s. 6d.

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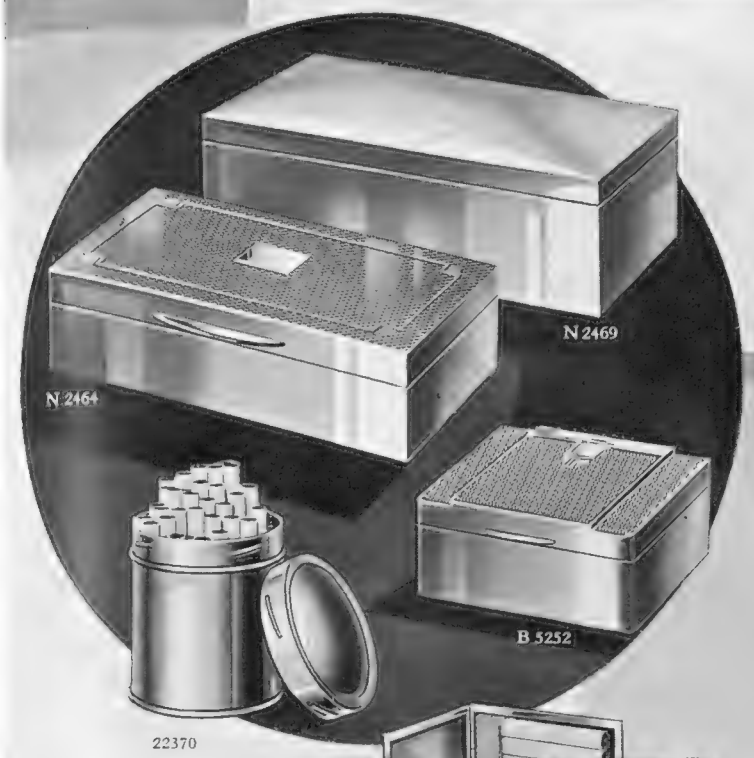

22370

N 2469.—Sterling Silver Cigar Box, lined Cedar. 10½ x 5½ in. £9 10 0

N 2464.—Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, lined Cedar, Engine-turned lid.
5 in. long ... £2 17 6
4 in. long ... 3 15 0
3 in. long ... 4 15 0

B 5252.—Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, with shaped Engine-turned lid. lined Cedar. 3⅜ in. x 3⅜ in £1 15 0

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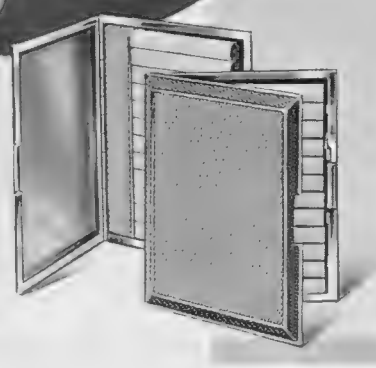
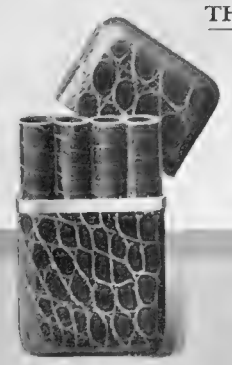
Sterling Silver Air-tight Canister, 3¼ x 3 in., to hold 50 Cigarettes £1 1 0

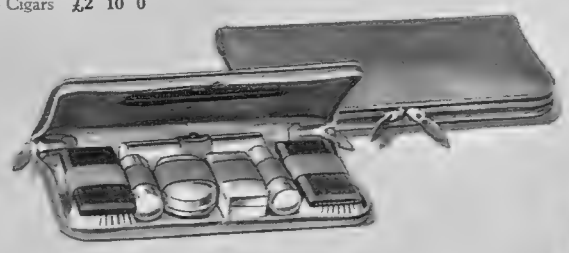


B 5202.—Engine-turned Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, with Spring Clip.
3¼ in. long ... £2 15 0
4 in. long ... £3 10 0
5 in. long ... £4 5 0

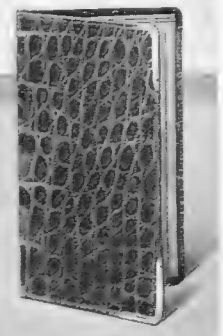


G 2199.
Crocodile Cigar Case with Chromium-plated Sterling Silver Mount. For 4 Cigars £2 10 0

Hide Case containing 2 Military Hair Brushes and Comb.
N 2467.—Engine-turned Sterling Silver Brushes £3 15 0



L 1994.—Gentleman's Pigskin Zip-opening Dressing Case with Washable lining. Fitted with Cochinelle Brushes and Chromium Accessories. Size when closed 14 x 6½ x 1¾ in. ... £4 10 0



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CAN EVEREST BE CLIMBED?

(Continued from p. 435)

a decision had to be made. They were on very difficult ground, though further progress was not absolutely impossible. But the most optimistic estimate could not allot less than four hours to the task of climbing the remaining 1,000 ft. or so; this would leave insufficient time to reach the summit and descend in safety.

They decided that it would be better to have a final look at the Second Step, but on the return found that they were too exhausted to do any more work in that direction. Wyn Harris retrieved the axe while Wager dragged himself up to the edge of the ridge and looked down the other side. They reported to Smythe and Shipton and continued down to Camp V for the night. Next day there was a heavy fall of snow and Smythe and Shipton were not able to make their attempt until June 1. The slabs were in a very unsafe condition, but they would not retreat. Shipton collapsed with internal trouble near the First Step, but was able to find his way down alone; and Smythe carried on. He reached exactly the same point as Wyn Harris and Wager at 10 a.m. He would probably have had sufficient time in which to reach the summit and return, but the extra snow on the slabs made them absolutely unclimbable. He got back safely to Camp VI and spent his third night there, alone. He actually managed to sleep for thirteen hours and descended safely next day through appalling weather to the North Col.

A CANINE HERO: Bonzo, a black retriever who saved the life of little Jean Jones and five others by barking warning of a fire. He has been awarded the National Canine Defence League's bronze medal

The party had now to be taken down for a rest at Base Camp. The monsoon was already in full swing, but in the hope that a break might occur a third attempt was organized and begun on June 11. By now Mount Everest was practically a snow peak; it was useless to stay on. Both local opinion and that of the meteorologist in Calcutta hold that once the monsoon has set in Mount Everest is very unlikely to get rid of its mantle of snow until the west winds of Tibet re-establish themselves at the end of September, by which time the days are too short and the cold is too intense for climbing operations. The expedition left Base Camp for home on July 2.

The evidence obtained this year is thought to justify the belief that Mount Everest, though undoubtedly a difficult and dangerous peak, especially in its upper reaches, can be climbed, but only in good conditions of weather. The north face must be found with the rocks dry and free from snow, and at least three days of consecutive fine weather are needed to give the climbers a fair chance. In 1933 the monsoon arrived nearly a month in advance of its usual time. A year such as 1921 would be almost ideal, for it was abnormal in the other direction. The monsoon did not break till July 7. No forecast as to the probable summer conditions can be made far in advance, and this must make the organization of an expedition something of a gamble.

Fireside Football

Soccer enthusiasts of all ages will be interested in this cleverly planned board game introduced by the Kum-Bak Sports Toys and Games Manufacturing Co., Ltd., of 154, Vauxhall Street, London, S.E.11. It adheres very closely to the actual rules of soccer and, as in the real game, the result depends both on good fortune and skill. The movements of the ball, and the pieces representing players, are determined by a dice throw. The game is inexpensive and can be recommended as a really exciting indoor entertainment.

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The Society has just received a very satisfactory report from the Examiner of the Cordwainers' Company on the work he examined that had been done by the boys of Fordham House, which is a branch of the above Society. He said, "I consider the standard of work higher than when I saw it two years ago. Some of the shoes are really excellent both as regards making and finishing, and several others only show faults in detail easily remedied with attention. I am glad to see that handsewn making is taught, as I regard this as the best foundation for learning the principles for all types of shoemaking. The result bears clear evidence of the practical knowledge of the Instructor and of his ability to impart it." This speaks well for the technical instruction received at the Home, and deserves all the support possible. Gifts should be addressed to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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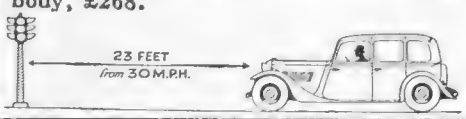

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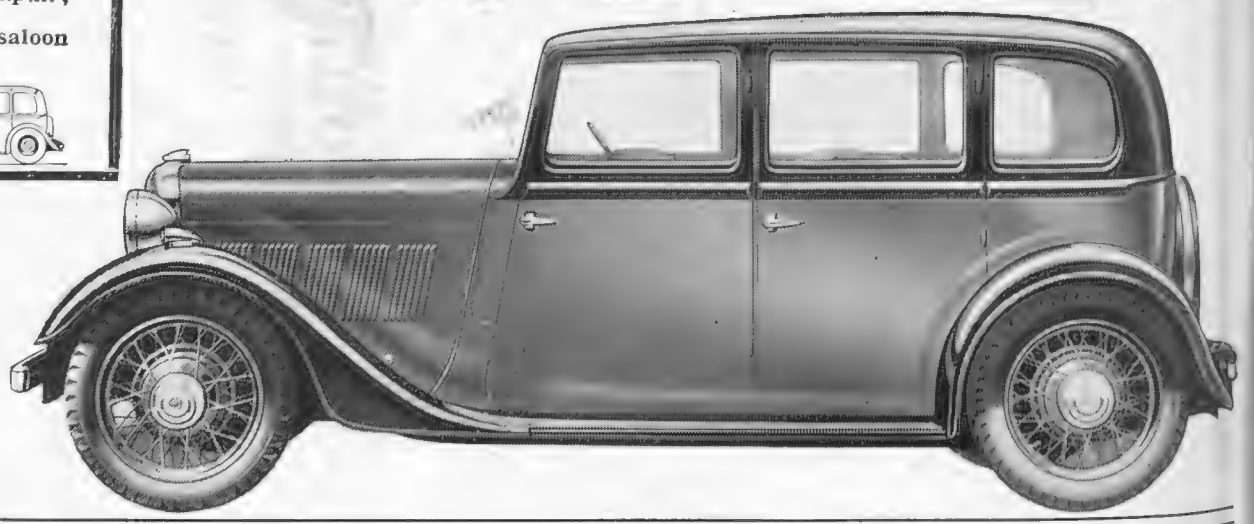

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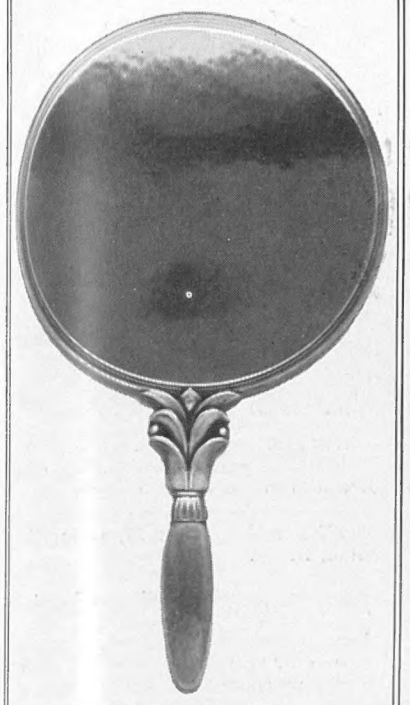

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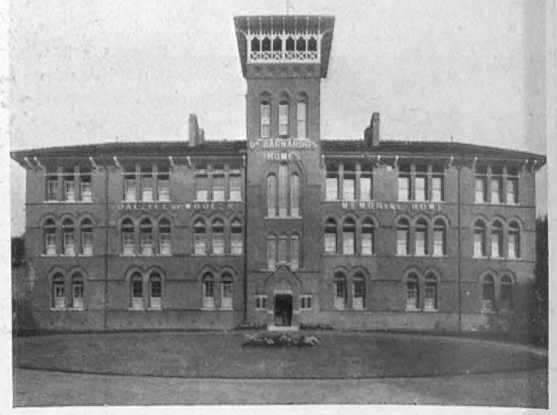
NOTES and NEWS

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

Dr. Barnardo's were founded in 1866 and from humble beginnings the work has grown until to-day it supports the largest family in the world—8,507 boys and girls and babies. 114,615 children have been received into the Homes under its Charter "No destitute child ever refused admission." Last year 16,427 children and young people were dealt with; 1,531 were admitted permanently, 204 temporarily, and 1,562 trained lads and lasses were placed out in life in various occupations. 30,666 have been sent out to the Overseas Dominions, chiefly to Canada and Australia, and 98 per cent. have done well. The ramifications of the Homes are world-wide and include Model Villages for girls and boys; Technical Schools; Naval and Mercantile Training Centres; Babies' Homes; Hospitals; Convalescent Homes; Branches for special cases; ever-open doors for the reception of destitute children at any hour of the day or night at London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bradford, Bristol, Cardiff, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheffield, and Southampton; and migration centres in England, Canada, and Australia. Altogether there are 185 separate Cottages, Households, and Branches comprising Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Boarding-out is one of the most important and largest sections of the work. More than 3,000 boys and girls are placed in carefully selected cottage homes in rural districts, under the supervision of trained nurses and a fully qualified lady doctor. The Dalziel of Wooler Memorial Home at Kingston-on-Thames is the latest addition to this national work, and has been presented to the Council of the Homes by Lady Dalziel in memory of her husband, the late Lord Dalziel of Wooler. The King and Queen are Patrons of the Homes; and the Duke of York is the President.



THE DALZIEL OF WOOLER MEMORIAL HOME AT KINGSTON, which has been presented to Dr. Barnardo's by Lady Dalziel in memory of her husband

Queen Alexandra, who used to take the greatest possible interest in the good work, often referred to it as "My Pet Charity." Those of our readers who desire to help its operations should send their gifts to the office: 73, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Keeping Out the Cold

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Messrs. Austin Reed, Ltd., have sent us a copy of their amusing and informative Christmas booklet which has been specially written and illustrated for them by Fougasse. For those troubled with the annual problem of what to give, this provides a very complete answer. Here are suggested 100 bright ideas for presents for men ranging in price from a modest 1s. to 5 and 10 guineas. Tweed ties, dress waistcoat buttons, chamois gloves, all-wool pull-overs, lustre mufflers, collar bags, pyjama cases, trouser presses, razors, military hair brushes, travelling rugs, and dressing-gowns are among the well-thought-out suggestions put forward, while a visit to any Austin Reed shop will prove that present-choosing for male friends and relations can sometimes be a very simple matter indeed.

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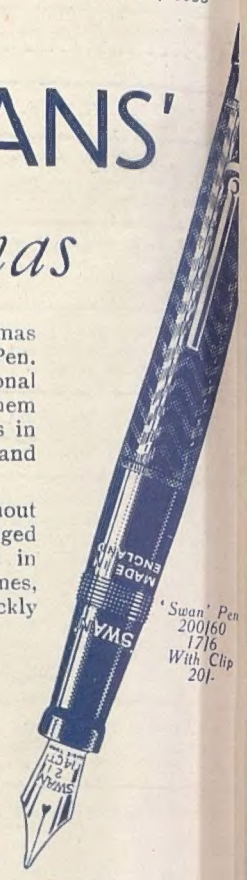

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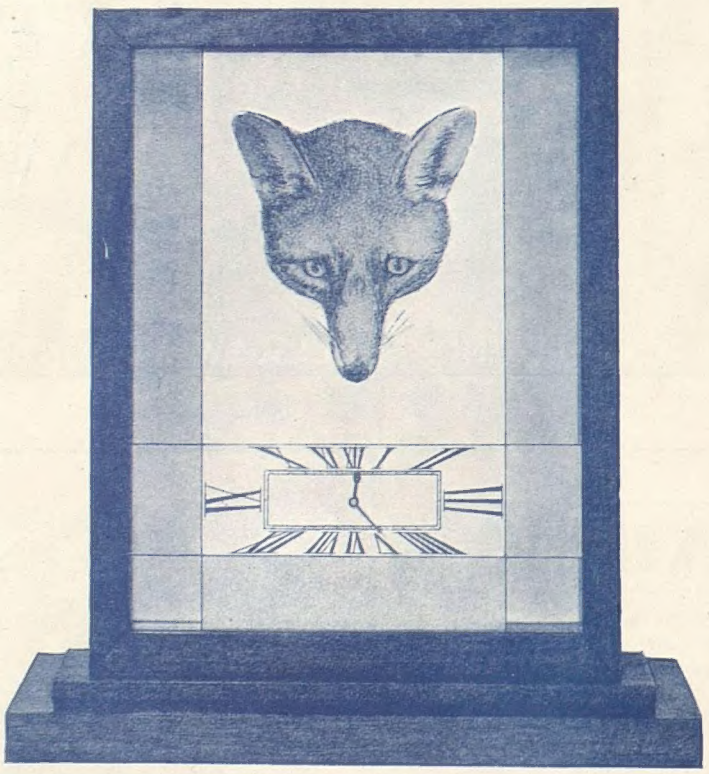

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